

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

BY E. GEORGE ADAMS, A. M.

I was lately walking in a very old graveyard, and the grave-stone which dated the farthest back—almost a hundred and fifty years—was that of a child.

In a quiet nook the church
Stands amid embowering trees;
O'er it float the silver clouds
On the gently-swaying breeze.
Round it lies the church-yard old,
With its rude, unshapen wall;
It is full of ancient graves,
For the grass is growing tall.
'Mid the honeysuckles red
I can hear the hum of bees,
And the twitter of the birds
Nesting in the old green trees.
Not afar a gentle brook
With its silver pebbles plays,
And the music of its mirth
To the church-yard, softened, strays.
Every thing is sweet and fair—
Every thing is soft and mild;
Yea, the air's soft breath is sweet—
As the kisses of a child.
Let us push the grass aside—
Let us look at yonder stone;
Storms have part the words effaced,
Part with moss are overgrown.
See the Death's head on the top!
See the bones! the hollow eyes!
'Neath these ghastly symbols look—
Who returned to dust there lies?
Is it sire of ancient time
That from persecution's flame,
Seeking God in purer ways,
To this wilderness erst came?
Is it matron, fair yet staid,
Of the Puritanic school,
Who her children loved and lord,
And her household well could rule?

None of these; 'tis a fair child's,
With red cheeks and sunny eyes,
Golden hair and coral lips—
I can almost see her rise!
When the angels came for her,
These great trees were very small,
And within this ancient yard
There was not a grave at all.
'Twas methinks in autumn time,
When the flowers had gone to sleep,
And when o'er the hills and plains
Came the wind with gusty sweep,
That her lovely eyelids closed,
And her cheeks grew pale from red,
And they crossed her little hands,
And bewailed the youthful dead.
Then the mother wept full sore—
'Twas the loveliest of her flock;
And stood on the father's face
Tears like rain upon a rock.
Brothers, sisters, crowd around,
Put aside their sunny hair,
And, with eyes that brim with tears,
Gaze upon the sleeper there.
Up the stern old preacher stands,
With his locks of drifted snow,
And breathes forth the solemn prayer
In an accent grave and slow.
On the coffin fall the clods,
And the little grave is made;
And the record-stone is placed,
Telling life is but a shade.
'Twas a hundred years ago—
O, what wondrous scenes have passed
Since that little form was bound
In the grave's embraces fast!
O, what triumphs and defeats!
O, what joys, and hopes, and fears,
Time has crowded in the space
Of that fleeting hundred years!
This vast continent we tread,
Full of cities, full of arts,
In its wilderness then held
A few Pilgrims' beating hearts.

Into life have cities sprung;
 Now the teeming myriads throng
 Where a hundred years ago
 Naught was heard but wild bird's song.
 On this little sunken grave
 Storms and showers have often beat,
 And the sunshine, too, has come
 With its smile and genial heat.
 Flowers have sprung and faded here;
 Leaves have turned from green to yellow;
 Winter's locked the turf in ice;
 Spring returned again to mellow.
 Robins here have sung their songs
 In the sunny summer hours,
 But have fled to southern lands
 At the dying of the flowers.
 But far greater than it all,
 Joy that hath no earthly price,
 That sweet girl a hundred years
 Now has been in paradise.

CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

—
 BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

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 (FIRST PAPER.)
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I. He is a popular teacher. He attracted the masses. Although he was without folly, without art, without depravity, in a world of frivolity, and deceit, and wickedness; although he appealed to no interest, or passion, or prejudice, but set his pupils, as their first lesson, to solve the hard problem of poverty, shame, and persecution for the truth, yet men in throngs press after him: in the streets and in the temple, in the city and in the wilderness, a sea of excited human heads dashes about him. Scarce can he eat, or drink, or sleep without observation. Now the roof is open above him to let down a suffering sinner to his sight, and now a vessel is anchored at his feet that he may escape the pressure of the crowd that rises around him on the land. Now he ascends a mountain that he may look down upon the upturned faces below him, and now he must hide himself in the darkness and in the thicket to have an hour of private prayer. It is only occasionally that *any* man can get a crowd. No man can hold it long: the multitude, after hearing once or twice, lose their curiosity. When Socrates taught, a few young men only were enchanted by his voice; and when Plato lectured at the Pyreus, the people, though they ran together to hear him, left him as rapidly as they collected. Jesus not only *gathered* the masses from city and watch-tower, from palace and cot, but *kept* them around him till he died. "At the beginning of his ministry great multitudes followed him from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan;" and when he closed it, the multitude spread their

garments and palm branches beneath his triumphant feet, and *shouted* him through the streets of the city. Even while he hangs dying on the cross, all Calvary is alive around him. What is the secret of his popularity?

1. His doctrines are popular. The earth has produced many great and good men, but where is one whose words are so broad as those of Christ? The words of an Alexander may move armies; the words of Jesus move hearts. The words of a Demosthenes may move a nation; the words of Jesus move the world. An Aristotle may sway the human mind for ages, but he must erelong drop the scepter. Christ extends his moral dominion with every revolving year. The words of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed, abide not the light; the words of Christ make "light, and make" it more and more abound. Scott, Baxter, Byron, can move only a particular frame of mind and tone of heart; the Savior reaches the mind in all its frames, the heart in all its tones. Every principle he announces has a world-wide sweep. Mark his summary of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind," etc.—a precept so narrow as to measure the smallest thought of the smallest man; so broad as to compass the mightiest outgoings of the largest angel; so perfect as to bind all moral beings to the throne of God, and produce eternal and universal harmony, and happiness, and progress. Mark, too, his revelation of God: "God so loved the world," etc. Neither the element—love; nor the measure—the gift of his "only begotten;" nor the purpose—the "whosoever"—can be exceeded even in conception.

2. His style is popular. He that would teach the people must condescend to speak as they speak. Christ's style is either dialogistic, as when he would confound his foes; or allegorical, when he would reprove the captious; or metaphysical, when he would instruct the inquiring—just the style of that great Grecian sage who sought to bring down philosophy from heaven to earth. He *always* teaches. In the field and in the highway, in the tumult and in the solitude, walking and resting, seated at meals or reposing on the mountains, he is, concerning things both temporal and eternal, "a living epistle, known and read of all men." He flies through all the scenes, and employments, and trials of life, scattering "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He so associates truth with the heavens and the earth as to make every thing a memorial of duty, a remembrancer of truth, or a reprover of sin. He charges the delighted babe drinking at the fountain of the breast, with the message to its happy mother of "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." He hath taught the hammer to echo to the ear of the laborer in every stroke the admonition, "Labor not for the meat that perisheth." Who doth not drink water? Well, over every fountain and flood Christ hath poured this crystal stream of truth, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst

again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Who hath not lifted up his eyes to that glorious sun? Well, in his bosom Christ hath set this eternal truth, "I am the light of the world." Who hath not felt the night closing around him? Well, Jesus hath written on all its curtains this luminous line, "The night cometh when no man can work." Who hath not had his thoughts carried down to the chambers of death? Well, there is a voice from the sepulcher, "I am the resurrection and the life." Thus Christ touches almost every object in nature; and *whatever* he touches, though it be but a lily or a sparrow, forth leaps a living truth. With simplicity Jesus blends majesty. When he states a precept, it is as though he had planted a new rock on the earth. When he utters a doctrine, it is as though he hung a new star in heaven.

3. Jesus is popular in his sympathies. Teachers often make distinctions among their pupils. Thus Aristotle confined his attention to Alexander because he was Philip's son, and Plato left the Academy that he might instruct Dionysius. But Christ, like his Father, is "no respecter of persons;" he looks at man as man; he pierces through parentage, and rank, and wealth, and fame, and genius, and power on the one hand, and through shame, and toil, and ignorance, and suffering, and rags on the other, to the simple spirit; and when he finds it, he estimates it by its character and qualifications, all that constitutes its manhood—its capacity to be angel or devil forever. Whether he treads the highest or the lowest walks of life, he stands upon the same platform; whether he is surrounded by beggars or princes, he speaks as to the same brotherhood. While he pays due attention to Nicodemus, and the centurion, and Joseph of Arimathea, he is wont to turn from the palace to the hut, to gather around him the children of want and sorrow, to move in light and mercy amidst blinded minds and bleeding hearts—not because of his *partiality*, but of their *necessities*. With a godlike spirit he stooped to children; with kingly condescension he ate at the tables of the poor. Without sympathy with sin, and as a shepherd goes into the wilderness to seek and to save the *lost*, he preached to publicans and harlots. Not with the rude elbow of stoical indifference, but with the soft hand of life-giving love, he touched the coffin and the couch. In all this there is a peculiar beauty and propriety. Behold poor Bunyan in his prison as his children have gathered around him! to which does his heart most strongly turn? to his poor, pale, blind daughter; and now as they bid him farewell, see how he grasps the hand of the helpless one, and detains her after the rest have gone, and pours over her his most earnest, agonizing prayer! Now, had the Father of mercies come down to that family, would he not, also, have shown most pity and tenderness to his eyeless one? Even so when he did come to this world in the person of the blessed Jesus.

Christ was a teacher democratic in the largest

and best sense—for the people, for all the people, for even the lowest of the people, for all the people alike. If he had not been, our hearts would have turned from him as being unworthy to represent the Being who lighted up that sun, and poured the oceans from his urn.

II. Christ was a humble teacher. His spirit is one of meekness and lowliness. Let us beware of mistake here. These qualities may be passive; if so, they are infirmities; they are incompatible with decision, dignity, energy—with highest manhood. In Christ they are active. His answers are soft, because he *chooses* that the words which might burst from his lips, like the rebukes of Sinai, should distill as the dew of Hermon; his reproofs are gentle, not because they want force, but because they enter the heart obliquely; his censures are mild, not for lack of power, but for abundance of love; his manners are affable, not because he is fearful, or unsteady, or dependent, but because, while he holds the keys of death and hell, he *wills*, by bearing injuries, and reproaches, and persecutions, and crucifixion with a forgiving temper, to set revengeful man an example. He is humble, not because of his fallibility, but because he would correct the arrogance of fallible man; he is modest, not because he undervalues his own qualifications, but because man overvalues his; he was lowly, not because his mind was not set on high, but that he might teach us how, while we pour heavenly music on the skies, we may dwell upon the ground. On suitable occasions, when mild reproof had been neglected, he stands up like fire and breathes like famine. In his dilemmas there was a caustic that burned scribes and Pharisees to the quick; in his hand there was a scourge before which the defilers of the temple fled; in his parables there played a hidden lightning which erelong rent every tower and palace in Jerusalem; yet his prevailing manner how gentle! how sweet! To those who listen to learn he gives, with untiring patience, line upon line, and precept upon precept. In the wayside he halts to welcome the softest voice of supplicating sorrow. When he delivers his farewell to his disciples, we see how he would "gather his children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing." When the disciple that had denied him with oaths and cursing stood trembling in his presence, and he says, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" we learn what that meaneth, "He will not break the bruised reed." Though Christ suffered even to the cross, he *acted*—ah, how gloriously! He touched all the realms of nature, and they felt him! they feel him now. Though he went down to the sepulcher, he ascended the skies, and bade his disciples follow him to heaven. Though he owned no foot of land, he gave notice of his coming conquest of the world.

The themes of Christ evince his humility. Had he opened the veins of silver, or formed the philosopher's stone, or invented the elixir of mortal life; had he pointed to the compass, or the steam-engine,

or the press; had he exhibited the imposing spectacle of history, or lifted the veil from the invisible world, how would warriors, philosophers, and monarchs have tracked his footsteps to lay their honors at his feet! True, his mind moves through all nature as though he were familiar with its laws, and he not only makes no mistakes concerning them, but flashes beams of light across them which the intellect of man required ages of study to appreciate; but he does not teach *science*, not because he could not, but because *man* could. Jesus, however, has no *jealousy* of philosophy; he never condemns it; he often, indeed, entices man to nature, and would have him linger over its precious wells. He has no prejudice against books. This well, too, is deep, and he leaves it, not because he has no bucket, but because he that would draw can make a bucket for himself. He confines his attention to moral knowledge—that which the world by wisdom could not know. But though his themes are most novel, most elevated, most satisfying, yet the blinded and depraved world concentrates all its contempt upon them.

The pretensions of Christ are humble. True, he says, "I and the Father are one;" and yet it required the greatest humility to make such a pretension. If a man even profess that God has forgiven his sins and made him his child, he is branded as an enthusiast; he is watched, and hated, and, if opportunity serve, pierced. How much philosophy has cried against Jesus, "He hath a devil and is mad!" No wonder the mob took up stones to stone him; no wonder the Sanhedrim could not rest till they led him to Calvary. But we see not yet the depth of his humility. In the passage quoted he speaks of the divinity within him; in others he speaks of his humanity as contradistinguished from it. "I can of mine own self do nothing;" instead of setting up his human reason as a God, he brings it to naught. It is not in figurative but in literal language, not merely in one but in many forms, that he ascribes his teaching to another, even the Father. "My doctrine is not mine." It is not to God, as the *Creator*, that he ascribes his doctrines, as though he would remind us that intellect is of God; but to God, as the *Revealer*, that he attributes his plans, his doctrines, his very words. He who touched all nature as God, who brought life and immortality to light, and opened a fountain of mercy for all lands and all times, says nothing of my wisdom has welled up from my own soul—it hath all come down from the Father of lights.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offense to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and practice, although he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth or ever have heard of a lexicon.

POETRY AND THE PEDANT.

"The writing or reading of poetry," saith Jeremy Bentham, "is like playing at the game of pushpin—about as useful, and not half so amusing." In the midst of that dry man's disquisitions we find this pebbly thought. Wherefore, our breast becomes cold with indignation: our chin is red in the glow of a sea coal fire; our feet are buried in slippers, and the slippers are buried in the rug; the lamp is fragrant with fancy; the bright brass-kettle sings, and the wine sparkles ruddily in globe of purest crystal; all is warm, and the cheer of the winter evening is like the embrace of an old friend; yet does our breast become cold with indignation. Put aside the book! From those shelves of lustrous Honduras slabs, Spenser and Chaucer are looking down in anger. That Jeremy was no philosopher, but a pedant. His heart must have been original clay, and we would affirm that it had been baked as hard as a brick in his bosom, if imagination could conceive how ever any heat got there.

Such a pedant is of sandy nature. His mind is a waterless desert; a place where no green or pleasant thing will grow; a waste, where the sun of heaven only scorches and never warms to life. The dew falls vainly on him; the flowers never bloom at his feet; the violet has no sweetness in its breath; the butterfly has no beauty in its golden wing. He is as the dust of a pyramid, in which not even a rat can live; the face of a chalk-rock, where no weed will grow and the swallow will not build. He has a homeless soul; he has a sightless brain; he sees only half of nature; he knows of only half the created world. Doubtless he has a comfort for himself, and declares, as Jeremy does, that there is a natural opposition between poetry and truth, that some false glitter must ever adorn the visions of the mind. But what can this torpid thing feel of the genial delights and the undeluding joys of life? What to him is beauty, which is poetry to the eyes? or love, which is poetry to the heart? or philosophy, which is poetry to the mind? What is the buoyancy of his youth, what is the balm of his old age?

This Bentham, in his cold economy, feels some pity for the weakness of men. Excitement they must have, declares he, and poetry is not of the worst kind. It is better than drunkenness, better than slander, better than the love of gaming—indeed, "an excellent substitute" for them. Admirable, generous Jeremy! Then poetry is not a vice? Not at *all* times, replieth Bentham; but it is often not so innocent as pushpin—wherefore, pushpin is the more valuable of the two. Besides, the game is more easily learned; it is familiar to more persons—we doubt it; it is a more natural and simple pleasure. This, then, is philosophy. Shakespeare was wrong, who said it was a perpetual feast of nectared sweets. Sir Philip Sidney was wrong, who said that the first verse of the poet was as the ripest cluster of grapes from a vine; as

a tale that holdeth children from play, and lureth old men from the chimney corner; a salve for the afflictions of this earth, which we take as a sweet "medicine of cherries." Feltham was wrong, who said that because Solomon and his father held the lyre in one hand and the scepter in the other, they had more largeness of soul and more human charity than all the other monarchs of the Jews. That ancient master of wisdom was foolish, who said that poetry was more philosophical than history, because it embraces general truths, while history touches only the particular. Lord Bacon, also, was wrong when he said, that it serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation, and is kindred to a thing divine.

Who, then, was right by the laws of utility? Molyneux and Locke were right, who said that Shakspeare and Spenser, and all our poets, except Milton, were mere ballad-mongers in comparison with one dry lawyer, Sir Richard Blackmore. Next, Jeremy was right, who said they were less the benefactors of mankind than the inventors of a childish game. Poetry fails, but pushpin fails not. Tasso, however, has an answer to these arrogant conceits. A poet, he says, is a teacher of truth. Truth is often bitter to the taste, but poetry tinges with sweetness the brim of the cup. A grave poem, says Feltham, is the deepest kind of writing. The study of poetry, says Bolingbroke, is the study of human nature. Even Johnson, that rugged Russian of letters, likens it to a sort of nuptials between pleasure and truth, and speaks of it as "the highest learning." And there was no less wisdom than warmth in the affirmation of Cowley, that "there is not so great a lie to be found in any poet as the vulgar conceit that lying is essential to true poetry." Listen, too, to old Rapin, who will tell you that its chief end is to instruct. And did not one of the coldest critics in our language say of one of the most passionate poets, that his writings formed alone a system of civil and economical prudence? Poetry, indeed, is the very eloquence of truth in its own behalf.

Some, we know, plead a justification for Jeremy Bentham when he classes poetry under the head of frivolous amusements. He classifies poetry with pushpin, they say, just as a naturalist classifies a man with a monkey. The answer is worth nothing, but we accept the comparison. Poetry is no more to be compared with pushpin than a man to a monkey. It is less like it, indeed, than a humming-bird is like a crocodile. The only resemblance, in fact, consists in both words beginning with a *p*. In this ingenious clinking of letters consists, indeed, the cleverness of many such sayings. But how easy it would be to answer the alliterative critics in their own style. Truth, we might say, is not tested by typography. Morals are not a matter of meter. Falsehood is not necessary to fiction.

Of a similar kind is that clinking of ideas to produce a sort of smartness which we call an-

tithetical. Homer, says the pedant, was the best poet, and the worst moralist, that ever lived. But when the pedant has said it, it remains as untrue as it was before. Comparing him with his age, Homer was one of the most moral writers ever produced in the world. And what truth has not Shakspeare taught? What philosophy is wanting in Milton? The fact is, simply, that falsehoods, and wicked maxims, and impure thoughts, can be expressed in poetry as well as prose: it is as easy for some men to write nonsense in stanzas as it was for Jeremy Bentham, for instance, to do it in paragraphs. When a man has bad sentiments and ridiculous ideas, he will express them with equal ease, whether he be a poetaster or a pedant.

"Will honor," said Falstaff, "set a broken leg? will it cure a wound? No! Then it is a word—mere air." Just so with Jeremy as with that fat philosopher. You must make something, as with a tool, or prove something, as with mathematical logic, or you are worthless. Will poetry make a Christmas pudding? Will it feed an ox? Will it give Mr. Bentham a glass of wine? No! Then it is of less value than pushpin. "Sir," said Dean Tucker, "the man who makes a pin is a more important member of society than Rafaele, whose pictures only please the eye." "Why so?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Because," replied the wooden sophist, "he whose hands create a new thing for the use of humanity does more than he whose intellect evaporates in mere ideas." "Then," said Joshua, "an architect is less than a brickmaker!" "Exactly," said the Dean.

But what to Dean Tucker were the treasures of the Italian galleries? What to him was the influence of those shapes and visions of immortal beauty? What was all the magic of the painter's art? What was the blush of the southern maiden, or the smile of the Tuscan Madonna? What were the hints of the morning, or the golden leaves that in autumn strew the slopes of Fiesoli? They were neither port nor sherry. They were not every thing, so they were nothing. Well, then might we say, what is honor? Will virtue feed the hungry? Then cheese is better! Will fancy make bricks? Then pippins for me! "How long," says Roberto to his boy, in the famous story, "how long could you live on self-respect?" "All my life—with mutton," he replies.

And how long, may Jeremy Bentham ask—how long could we live on poetry? How long, we reply, could we live on steam-engines? Poetry is good; but we don't recommend you to leave off mutton. It won't do instead of milk in the tea. But neither will the adored objects of these cold-blooded utilitarians. Their pin which they speak of is useful, but it is not a crowbar. Portland stone is of value, but it is not sugar. Boiled carrots are excellent, but, as Sydney Smith assures us, they won't bolt a door. Jeremy Bentham did his part in the world, but he would not have done for the figure-head of a ship. Each thing, in truth, fulfills

its object; and what more can we desire? And what more do we claim for poetry? It has a part in the universal sphere of nature: it throbs through the mighty frame of human feeling; it confronts the sufferer; it is a companion to the lonely; it elevates the soul; it gives wings to man, and takes him to the green places of the earth, and shows him the flowery plains and the rich cities, and tells him of the deeds of heroes and the virtues of faithful love. It makes hope audible in the future. It comes through centuries from the past as with a voice of prophecy and warning; the nurse of kind feelings and gentle desires; the kindler of warm sympathies and holy aspirations; the inspirer of noble purposes and immortal hopes. It embodies the beautiful to the intellectual visions of man; and through the beautiful it makes him love the good.

Let all, therefore, who love mankind, and see in their fellow-creatures more than simple machines for labor, cherish a fondness for poetry. It has the kindest influence on the heart; it polishes manners; it raises the mind to the contemplation of superior things, and places the poor on an intellectual equality with the rich. In contradiction to the pedant, therefore, we say, that though pin-makers and wheelwrights may be useful members of society, the poet who catches one echo from heaven, and repeats it to the vibrating ear of a fellow-creature, is a living blessing to the earth, and ought to be rewarded by the respect and gratitude of its inhabitants.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

THE BIRTHRIGHTS OF THE SOUL.

BY F. D. BELL.

THE soul is the heir to nature's great estate, has an undisputed title, and may occupy whatever portion of the patrimony it pleases. The *will* by virtue of which it seizes on the large inheritance is its own will, and the evidence of its heirship is its own true and triumphant voice. In spite of all things the soul will declare its birthrights. Prisons and gibbets can not scare it silent; nor can all the fates clamp its frank and manly utterance.

First, it claims the right of incarnating itself—of putting thoughts into things, sense into substance, fortunes into phantoms. The struggle for this right is very early made manifest. A thinking child without its rattle or mimic wagon would be a marvel. The thought of the lisping boy makes him leap; it laughs and cries within him, and then throbs out in the trill of his whistle or the crack of his whip. A sunbeam could as easily be chained to the sun as a thought to the soul. Thoughts are somewhat like bees, that go out of the mind, and alight on atoms, not so much to extract as to import sweetness. The order of the spiritual movement is first a throb *within*, then a throb *without*—a *train* of reasoning, then a *train* of cars. So every

act and invention, and beautiful combination of acts and inventions, begins with thoughts and ends in their incarnation. And here is the basis of all the refined joys of life. The poet is happy when he sees his soul breathing and burning in his song; the philosopher when his thought has blossomed into a fine law; the hero when he has succeeded in putting heroism into the object of his courageous ambition. We are happy when we meet the smiles of our spirit-faces beaming upon us from surrounding circumstances and objects. And we are happiest when the most of ourselves is most worthily reflected. I love my own property better than my neighbor's because *mine* contains more of me than his. Yonder home gives me joy, because all around it I see the tracks and triumphs of my own old experience. And how many little victories have we all once gained which have endeared here and there a spot and a thing to our hearts, and embalmed them in beautiful remembrance! I conceive perfect happiness to be infinite, for it requires that we be able to call every atom a part of us, as it is of God. And the nearest approximation to this happiness, I think, will be when we can say of every noble thing we have ever met, "*This is mine;*" "*That is part of me;*" "*Here I felt;*" "*There I conquered.*"

Again, the soul has a right to immortality. It pants for more life; it stretches its wearied eyes on toward the infinite and the eternal, and, pining for an illimitable scope of being, cries and cries, "*I will live forever!*" Hence the pleasure derived in communicating our own being to be reflected back upon us from grand and beautiful incarnations, results from the consciousness that we are then giving it perpetuity. Every initial and name cut into a venerable pillar or scratched on an antique wall is, therefore, a certificate of the soul's immortality.

But still another birthright of the soul is the prerogative it possesses of accomplishing whatever it wills. When a great will speaks, the world, in spite of itself, gives ear; at the stern mandate it bows, wonders, praises, adores, turns into a beggar or a coward, a slave or a king, a demon or a god. Said Horace, "*Nil mortalibus arduum est;*" and a wiser age has translated the sentiment into the fine maxim, "*Nothing is impossible to him who wills.*" *I cans* and *I wills* have achieved all the achievements of history. Man has always known enough of himself to own, in some way, the omnipotence of his will. The ages of superstition had the conception of what a giant will can accomplish thrown into a strange though beautiful apotheosis. Jupiter was a god only in his will; for no other attribute of his character but this was godlike. And what might oppose the old Olympian Thunderer? He had only to give his nod, and

"High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook."

But man knows himself better to-day than he did then; and how is it now? Columbus, Luther,

Washington, Napoleon, Kossuth, are the Jupiters of modern times. Now, it is not fabled, but felt, and seen, and suffered, that "where there is a will, there is a way." *Thought* is man; will is man made heroic. One is the railroad, the other the steam; one the wire, the other the lightning.

Why will you say that circumstances can frustrate and paralyze this stout Prometheus of the soul? You know better. All history belies your assertion; and for history's sake, I pray you, disown it. Circumstances are only the thin ghosts of impossibility. An eagle eye looks through them, and seizes on the proud aim of Genius they would frustrate, while the mighty spirit lives them down, and stamps them back into nothingness. The great man is a circle, whose center is his will. The radius may vary, the center is fixed. Do you not see how that center remains sternly fixed at every length of the varying radius, from youth to manhood? You can not find a single great invention which, if traced back to its origin, will not lead you down a descending series of mimic inventions of the same sort to some little thinking child of thunder. The same force that drove the steamboat throbbled in a nursery years before, and it fathered a line of little steamboats before it finally triumphed in the great one. Every great man was once a great little man. Columbus had to discover a great many little Americas before he found the New World America. The Father of his country was that same little Washington, grown into a man, who brought his offending hatchet to his father one day, and said to him, "Father, I did it—I can not tell a lie." Cromwell gave Charles I a bloody nose when the two were playing together in boyhood; and was not this the first step he took, in defiance of circumstances, toward taking off the King's head? Napoleon was a mimic general, and consul, and emperor, long before he left the island of Corsica. And we learn that Thucydides, the great historian, when only six years old, sobbed aloud on hearing Herodotus read one of his histories at the Olympic festival; and does not this show that even so early the mighty thought within him was waiting for the expression he afterward gave it? Those men whose "deeds people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy;"

"Whose great thoughts possess us like

A passion through each limb, and the whole heart;

Whose words haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air,"

were men who acknowledged nothing superior to their own wills. "Impossible is the adjective of fools," said Napoleon. "Impossible!" said Mirabeau, "*Ne me dites jamais ce bêt de mot*"—Never name to me that blockhead of a word. Who nothing dare will nothing do. The sloth may, and has the right, perhaps, to sleep the daylight away; but none such is the privilege of man.

"The soul of man
Crenteth its own destiny of power,
And as the trial is intense here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven."

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

—
BY W. M. HESTER.

FAR away, far away, to the land of light
Would I waft me on faith's swift pinions now,
Where a soft wind blows, and the clime gloweth
bright,
And spirits rejoice 'neath each evergreen bough.
To the bats and the owls earth's sorrows I hurl;
Her pleasures unto the wild birds of air;
For her deep gathering clouds no shadows unfurl
O'er the view of that land—the bright and fair.
Pearly waters there flow of the fountain of life,
'Neath garlanded boughs that bloom on each shore,
And breezes unbroken by a wavelet of strife
Upon the pure heart their frankincense pour.
There spread the fair fields of the garden of Eden,
Where the rose and the lily bloom not to die;
And a thousand gay flowerets their petals entwining,
With the star-crown of even so worthily vie.
There I hear midst those scenes a melodious strain
Swelling forth from the harps to choristers given;
On each breeze floating by it rises again
From streamlet, and grove, and hillock of heaven.
As the gentle dew-drops fall down on the flowers,
When twilight of morn unfolds early day,
So swell from the coverts of heavenly bowers,
And on my young heart rest, the notes of that lay.
I will sing that sweet song my pathway to cheer,
And those scenes by faith shall light up mine eye,
Until daylight fadeth on the mountains afar,
And my spirit new fledged shall bask on high.

SOWING IN THE SEA.

—
BY E. M. POWERS.

A HAPPY child, with playful glee,
Was casting blossoms on the sea;
O'er heaving wave and flashing spray
The fragrant navy sailed away:
How could the thoughtless urchin know
That in the ocean he could sow?
One branch the slow tides tended o'er,
And planted on a foreign shore.
It grew, a marvelous plant, whose leaf
With healing virtue gave relief
To sad disease and weary pain,
And joy filled many hearts again.
Thus in the world's discordant strife,
Where come and go the waves of life,
And furious passions overflow
The beauteous things that else might grow,
A look of love, a tender speech,
May some sad, aching bosom reach,
And generous deeds and liberal hands
May heal sick souls in distant lands.

THE EARTH OUR MOTHER.

BY REV. B. M. ORNUM.

THE earth has been called our mother. Adam was created from its dust, and all his children, having in him a seminal existence, are "of the earth, earthy," and draw the nourishment that sustains their bodies from the bosom of their "mother earth." But the *life* of man was not derived from the earth. The *dust* was lifeless. When the first-formed human body, with its noble features and fine proportions, lay extended on the ground, it had no more power to move than the soil from which it was taken. Yet Deity saw it was a proper body, and worthy to be the tenement of an immortal spirit; and as he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, the heart at once began to beat, the blood to circulate—man began to live; and as he looked around upon the fair young world, every thing he saw was good.

And when, in a marvelous manner, God made from him a woman to be his wife, as he beheld her he saw in her no imperfection, no fault; and the omniscient Creator saw that they both were very good. They knew no sin, they felt no pain, they feared no evil, till they had yielded to the temptations of a fallen spirit, violated a plain command of God; and from that hour the penalty of death was upon them—they then began to die. Then it was pronounced that they were dust, and that to the dust they must return.

They lived to witness the mournful truth that death was in the world; and as they saw one after another of their offspring die, sad, indeed, must have been their feelings when called, from time to time, to cover up the dead, committing "dust to dust," and then to reflect that they, too, must one day lie down and die.

Ever since that early period in the history of the world the earth has been receiving back its borrowed dust as if it were its own; and erelong all of us who mix and move among the busy throng must leave the thoroughfares of life, recline upon the bosom of earth, while our bodies sleep the long "sleep of death."

Since we *must* die, there seems to be a fitness in the unpleasant act of consigning the mortal remains of those we have loved to the grave. Nearly all nations prefer *burying* their dead, rather than leaving them to be devoured by beasts or to bleach on the ground. It is always a melancholy necessity when, far out on the ocean, our friends die, and we are compelled to commit their remains to a watery grave. We instinctively prefer seeing them quietly buried in the dust of the earth, where they may silently repose.

To believing Christians it is an animating and wonderful announcement which the Redeemer has made, that the earth will not always retain our clay; that the repose of the grave is to be broken; that the sleeping dust of all who die will be called

and gathered up again; that "they that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." However long that repose may be, when the startling summons shall peal through the chambers of the dead, calling up the countless sleepers, simultaneously there will be a universal rush from death unto life—from the graves unto the judgment of the great day. The sea will yield her dead, and every graveyard its tenantry; the old rusty hinges and iron doors of the Inquisition will fly open to give way for the remains of the saints who have been slaughtered there; the adamant of demolished walls will melt to give egress to those who have been buried under their wasting ruins; every charnel-house of corruption will glare with the light of a blazing world; old "mother Earth" will then yield up all that shall have been held in her dusty bosom; and as the tenants of the grave spring from death unto life they will individually see the cup of their woe or joy filled up, and will hear the dreadful doom, "Depart!" or the welcome honor of their coronation pronounced by the sovereign Judge, "Come, ye blessed of the Father!"

UNOCCUPIED FEMALES.

THERE are certain unoccupied females so over-friendly as to take the entrée of the whole house. These are generally ultra-neighborly neighbors, who run in at all hours of the day and evening; ferret out the ladies of the family wherever they may be, up-stairs or down; watch all their proceedings when engaged, like good housewives, in inspecting the attics, the store-rooms, the cellars, or the kitchens. If they find that the front door is kept locked, they glide down the area steps, and get in through the basement. Or else they discover some back entrance by which they can slip in at the "postern gate"—that is, alley-wise: sociablists are not proud. At first, the sociablist will say, on making her third or fourth appearance for the day, "Who comes to see you oftener than I?" But after a while even this faint shadow of an apology is omitted, or changed to, "Nobody minds me." She is quite domesticated in your house—an absolute *habitué*. She sees all, hears all, knows all your concerns. Her talk to you is chiefly gossip, and, therefore, her talk *about* you is chiefly the same. After she has had her dinner at her own home, she comes bolting into your dining-room, and "sits by," and sees you eat yours. It is well if she does not begin with "a look in" upon you before breakfast. She finds out every body that comes to your house; knows all your plans for going to this place or that; is well acquainted with every article that you wear; is present at the visits of all your friends, and hears all their conversation. Her own is usually "an infinite deal of nothing," which expression the intelligent reader, without any comment of our own, will, we believe, perfectly understand.—*The Behavior Book*.

WAITING FOR THE CARS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I AM not a professional sight-seer or eaves-dropper, and, therefore, gentle reader, can not so confidently hope to interest you, as if it were my business to wander, in a devouring frame of mind, up and down the earth. Nevertheless, I sometimes journey, in spite of the pleasant prospect that now lies before any adventurous occupant of steamboat or railroad car, of personally affording a subject for a coroner's inquest.

It was on a wet, drizzling morning in April, that I found myself in a strange city, in a strange depot, surrounded with strange faces, and enlivened by the happy certainty of waiting five hours and a half for the cars. We were a silent company, all being apparently strangers to each other; and each lady, as she contemplated her neighbors, seemed every moment to add to the icy barrier of reserve that isolated herself. Indeed, I had never seen the Yankee cold shoulder more prominent. Now, I am decidedly sociable myself, and often talk when alone, for the mere pleasure of being companionable. As a true daughter of mother Eve, I inherit a portion of the curiosity that more largely descended upon her sons; and it really seemed an irksome and grievous thing, that a party of ladies should be chewing and *privately* swallowing great cuds of gossip that belonged, in right, to the whole company. So in default of sewing, knitting, or any thing to read, I was resolved to have a dish of discourse. For this purpose I edged myself into a corner of a sofa, already partly occupied by two young ladies, at the same time making some indifferent remark upon that never-to-be-forgotten theme, the weather. To my surprise they glanced meaningfully at each other, indignantly and almost furiously at me, and, immediately vacating their seat, proceeded to the farthest corner of the apartment, where, secure from actual contact, they leisurely examined me through a magnifying glass. I hope they were not affronted; I am sure I had no intention of being impolite; but I burst into such immoderate laughter that all near me caught the contagion, and a very merry time we had of it. The ice was now effectually broken, and in a few moments we were engaged in an animated conversation that would have done credit to a sewing society. In spite of the weather our sudden hilarity had filled the dark room with sunshine. There was an old lady there who completely won our love by the earnest cordiality and gentle dignity of her manners and conversation. She held by the hand two little boys, twin brothers. They were her grandchildren, and she was going to New York to meet their father, who was expected every day from California. But when she tried to tell us that the beautiful twins were motherless; that the returning wanderer would seek in vain for his young wife, her sorrow overcame her, and she could only

point to the deep mourning in which all were attired. How many kind faces were turned aside to hide the pure, holy tears of sympathy that could not be restrained! None of us spoke, but we felt that we had lightened her great sorrow by sharing it. When she was again composed, she told us of the long illness, of the sweet patience of the gentle sufferer; how, in early life, she became a lamb of the Savior's fold, and how fearlessly she went down into the dark valley of death, because Jesus was with her. All this time the two young aristocrats of our company were most contemptuously regarding, and, except an occasional exclamation on the discovery of some new "vulgarity" in us, they were perfectly silent. They evidently belonged to the "codfish nobility."

At last the rain ceased, and the sun shone brightly, and afforded an opportunity for a stroll through the city for sight seeing, shopping, etc. The *elite* left first, shaking off the mud of their paper-soled slippers against us. One by one followed, till I—being an invalid and unable to go out—was left to amuse myself at a window by watching a forlorn hen, who, in spite of the rain, had all the morning resolutely scratched and pecked the gravel in the yard in behalf of one chicken. She now clucked cheerily as the sun looked out, and shook her feathers encouragingly. After a while two gentlemen sauntered into the room, and seating themselves, began to converse upon the respective merits of the literary authors whose writings *now* particularly interest the public. In their opinion, most of these writers were but empty pretenders to literary merit, and Uncle Tom's Cabin stood at the head of the spurious literature of the age. They were astonished at the imbecility of such as could enjoy the sparkling wit and humorism of Dickens and Thackeray, or who could believe a syllable of Abbott's eulogy of Napoleon Bonaparte. Bryant, Longfellow, and Hawthorne were voted passable, Whittier and Bayard Taylor were tolerable, but N. P. Willis and Ik Marvel were transcendent geniuses, and worthy of the highest niche in the temple of fame. Holmes was characterized as "the man who tried to be funny and couldn't," and all the smaller fry were disposed of with one contemptuous wave of the hand. As a dessert to their literary feast, they pounced upon music and oratory, and in a trice transformed the Swedish Nightingale into an ordinary black crow, and the eloquent Kossuth into a chattering magpie. All these subjects were disposed of with such ease and rapidity, that there seemed to be a whole avalanche of wisdom crushing me at once. I began to think that I had never before seen a veritable live critic. I am sure I never knew, till then, what a tiny morsel of brain is necessary to constitute one. I was glad when our company returned. The fine weather was but April sunshine, and the rain again poured down in torrents. Doleful glances, "more in sorrow than in anger," were cast upon the rich dresses whose long skirts had dabbled in the mud of the streets and

swept the side-walks. I could imagine how blue and uncomfortable many a delicate foot in that room would appear if divested of its wet silk stocking and fairy slipper. I shuddered when I thought of the physical suffering that would be the result of a blind devotion, for one day only, to the dominion of fashion.

My dismal reflections were broken up by the announcement that the cars were waiting. Here was a rush of all parties to secure the most commodious seats, and with one unearthly and amazing signal of the steam-whistle I left for "parts unknown."

TOILET-TALK.

THERE are certain moralists in the world, who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy, or being old, fantastic, or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust.

We can hardly overestimate the effect of pure and delicate costume on the ruder sex. A family of brothers and sisters, with, it may be, a cousin, or a visitor here and there, assemble round the early meal. The ladies have complexions fresh from plentiful morning ablutions, hair carefully parted and braided, or floating in silky curls; the plain well-fitting dark dress of winter, or the still more attractive small-patterned floating muslin of a warmer season. The delicately embroidered collar and cuffs; the suspicion of black velvet, that, encircling the throat, just suggests its shape, and breaks the line. Some hand of taste has been at work on other matters, as well as self-adornment: taste is seldom a solitary gift, evidenced in one department only. Look at those sweet violets on the table, low-lying among moss; or those primroses, almost hidden in their own leaves, not mixed up and dressed with gaudier flowers. The father of that family carries to his dusty counting-house, his toilsome or anxious daily business, a sense of happiness and refinement—not one of these scents is lost. Cheerfully will he labor, that his home may be preserved inviolate, that not one of those bright precious heads may ever know change or privation. And those young men—will they ever dare approach such a sanctuary with fumes of tobacco or beer? Will they not turn with disgust from persons and places less pure and pleasant than those of their own home?

To a much greater extent than we are at all

aware, is dress indicative of character. Will Hon-eycomb says, he can tell the humor of a woman by the color of her hood. And not only do we understand and read

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire

aright, but all the finer gradations of propriety and elegance. Fortunately, an attractive exterior is not dependent on wealth, an adequate consideration of place and circumstances being one of the great secrets of dressing well. The portly dame, who waddles along the street stiff with satin, crowned with feathers, glaring with ermine; and the strong-minded individual, who pays her morning calls in clamping shoes, dusty bonnet, and dismal gown, depositing her cotton umbrella in the hall, are both out of place. The former should be hidden in a carriage; the latter, walking in the country, paying for her last week's butter and eggs. And yet there are circumstances in which wealth stands beside the toilet, with ameliorating grace. The diffident lady, who feels that she has no taste or experience herself, but who can enter the sanctum of a real artiste, and say: "Behold me—my eyes, hair, stature, position; dress me!" will probably, in the end, have a relieved mind as well as pocket. Among the lesser afflictions of life, there is none greater than when a gentlewoman of narrow means, in some moment of infatuation or of unwarrantable desertion by her guardian angel, has possessed herself of a decidedly objectionable article—a suspicious shawl, or an incongruous dress—and yet feels with shame and sorrow that it must be conscientiously worn out: in this case, also, money would indeed be a relief. There are certain fundamental rules, however, that, if constantly borne in mind, will go far to prevent evil. No woman can dress well who does not consider her own station, her own points, and her own age. Her first study should be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable: in uniting in one happy union these great principles, consists the real art of pleasing the eye, and through the eye, impressing the judgment and the feelings.

We live in an age that has attained to much fixed principle on the subject of dress, though part of its charm must ever consist in change and variety. The Empress of the French has lately decided in favor of waists in their natural place. Queen Victoria has always, for reasons best known to herself, been a tower of strength in the matter of long petticoats. Indeed, for this reason there never could have been any real danger that the Bloomer costume should obtain favor in England. For the acknowledged evil of trailing garments, there are other remedies than an approach to masculine attire—abhorred of gods and men. The proposition of American taste was extreme; sensible women may shorten their walking-dresses, and sensitive ladies display elegance in adjusting their falling drapery, but in the evening the example of

"Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,"

will still be followed; and the last of our poets will

long have to rejoice that the terminals of his mistress are

"Little feet lost in her garments' fall."

Lace, the most feminine of all adornments, is now duly used and appreciated. The straw-bonnet, exercising a deep mysterious spell over wearer and spectator, full of happy childish memories—of picnics without a cloud—of communings under moonlit trees—within every one's reach—modest, truly feminine—is now more in vogue than ever.

But perhaps the greatest triumph of good sense we have lived to witness, consists in allowing women of a certain age—such, alas! there will ever be—to wear their own hair. The preposterous habit of fixing glossy bands and tresses round waning cheeks, and eyes whose luster has departed—the whole intended by nature to fade together into a not unpleasant autumn hue—is now abandoned; and if the individual has a due horror of flowers and brilliant colors, in juxtaposition with the face, it is her own fault if some attraction, even more valuable than that of youth, does not linger with her still.

Every season produces something trying or ungraceful: no short or *embonpoint* figure should rejoice in patterns that run round the skirt of a dress, now so universally worn; and war to the death ought to be proclaimed against uncovered wrists, and arms in perspective while in walking costume.

No material seems so consonant to the genius and climate of England as that of silk. A silk dress, if pure and fresh, is becoming to all ages, and nearly all seasons. Textures of woven air are very nice, at least the old poets thought so. But our island bards understand the matter better, and rightly consider the gift of a silk gown irresistible.

"Madam, I will give you a fine silken gown,
And ten yards and ten yards, and hanging on the ground,
If you'll be my true lover."

The canny Scot bribes still higher—

"An' ye sall walk in silk attire."

It was to be the common every-day costume of his lady-love. One is lost in wonder, that any feminine heart could turn from the munificence of the proposal.

"I'll send you a braw new gown, lassie; I'll send you a braw new gown, Jeanie;
And it shall be o' silk and gowd, wi' valenciennes set round, lassie."

It was so much better worth having than the story-telling laird, that the only feeling left on the mind by the ballad is—there is no accounting for tastes.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE strongest passions allow us some rest, but vanity keeps us perpetually in motion. What a dust do I raise! says the fly upon a coach-wheel. And at what a rate do I drive! says the fly upon the horse's back.—*Swift.*

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

—
BY THE EDITOR.

—
(FINAL PAPER.)
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IN our first paper we clearly demonstrated that there were circumstances connected with the case—circumstances assented to by the Jews as well as by the disciples—which strongly corroborate the direct testimony, and can be satisfactorily accounted for on no other hypothesis than the actual resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. These we called circumstantial evidence; they are essential to the argument, and, in connection with the direct evidence, are possessed of the highest force. In our second paper we took up the direct testimony, and showed that after his known and acknowledged death and burial, he was seen by his disciples and friends, talked with them, walked with them, was handled by them, and wrought miracles in their presence, giving infallible evidence that he had risen from the dead. We clearly pointed out no less than ten distinct occasions of his appearance—making the number of persons by whom he was seen not less than six hundred—several of whom saw him repeatedly, and some of them were in almost constant intercourse with him forty days. The record of these facts was made and published while most of these persons were living, and they were appealed to as witnesses; and from not one of them were the Jews ever able to extort a denial of the facts. How could demonstration be more perfect?

In concluding the argument, we have a few collateral points of too much importance to be neglected.

1. *The disciples, who were witnesses, gave the fullest evidence of their entire belief in the resurrection of Christ.* The very manner and place in which they proclaimed the fact, must convince us of their sincerity. The fact, also, that the Christian Sabbath from that time was joyfully observed in commemoration of the event, and that the worship of this holy day is also blended together with those sacred institutions which derive all their significance from the resurrection no less than the crucifixion of our Lord, are also convincing proofs of the certainty of their conviction. But still further, the fact that they devoted their whole lives amid want and distress, opposition and persecution, scorn and reproach, stripes and imprisonments, and even amid sufferings and death—without hope or prospect of honor or reward from men or upon the earth—in toilsome effort to preach "Jesus and the resurrection" to dying men, must stand as a perpetual monument of the sincerity of their conviction, the purity of their motives, and of the indestructibility of their faith.

2. *The disciples could not have been deceived with reference to the appearance of Christ.* They had been in daily and intimate intercourse with him for more

than six years, and, therefore, knew his bodily appearance, his manner, and his voice too well to be deceived. Infidelity says they were "rude, unlettered persons." But may not the rudest, the most unlettered plebeian distinguish a friend? especially if the separation from him has been but for a few days? Certainly, then, men—"unlettered and ignorant," as they might have been—who could produce the chaste, the beautiful, the classic, the immortal compositions of the New Testament, were not so ignorant but that they could determine whether the man before them, who walked and talked, ate and drank with them, whose person they handled, and whose words they felt, was their friend or an impostor. Deception was wholly impossible.

Nor will the theory of *illusion*, which has often been urged, answer the turn of infidelity. An individual, it is true, may be the subject of illusion; it is possible for men to be deceived, even in matters where the senses are concerned. Such cases, however, are exceedingly rare, even in single individuals. But that two persons should, at the same time, experience the same illusion concerning the same object, and concerning so many circumstances attending it, is certainly very improbable. Such an instance has never been known. But when you increase the number of witnesses, this theory of illusion becomes still more improbable. Increase the number to *eleven*, and "the improbability becomes incalculable;" but when you have raised it "to five hundred, it transcends all limits." But when you extend the illusion through many days, and combine in it all the circumstances, words, and acts connected with our Savior's appearance, "the improbability ceases, and is changed into an impossibility." The apostles could not have been deceived. They had all the evidence that Christ was living, which they had of the life of each other; and they might as well doubt with reference to each other—Peter concerning Thomas, and John concerning James—as to doubt whether it were really Christ or an illusion. Nay, they had the same evidence that Christ was living, which we have that those we are daily conversant with are living beings, and not mere phantoms. To suppose deception possible, in such a case, is to unsettle all the principles of human belief. Moral certainty would become impossible. One step further in skepticism, and the man would be prepared to doubt whether his own existence was any thing more than a succession of sensations and ideas.

3. *The Sanhedrim themselves were evidently convinced of his resurrection.* Their conduct can be accounted for on no other supposition. They had heard the report of the guard of sixty men; they had been observant of the subsequent events that had transpired. They had great interest to vindicate themselves; and if they really believed that the disciples had stolen the body away, they would have demanded an investigation of the affair. But they evidently shrunk from such an investigation,

and manifest the greatest solicitude that the evidences of the resurrection of the body should not be discussed publicly, or even brought before the people. Hence, when Peter and John publicly declared in the Temple, that the Prince of life, whom they had killed, God had raised from the dead, and with equal boldness also to the Sanhedrim itself, that Jesus of Nazareth, whom they had crucified, God had raised from the dead, the Sanhedrim do not proceed like men who have to do with a shallow and base fabrication, that needs only to be put to the test of truth and fact in order to demolish it, but evidently like men who are conscious of their wrong, and whose only hope is in smothering investigation of the facts and the truth. Like self-convicted men, they have not a word of argument, not an opposing fact; they are willing to release their prisoners if they will only cease to preach the doctrine of a risen Savior, and, in fact, are compelled to release them without even this poor pledge. And, indeed, we find the same council soon compelled again to arrest the apostles for teaching the same obnoxious truths. What do they do now? confront the heresy of the apostles and demolish its falsity? Nothing like it; but with half-appealing, whining tremulousness, they complain, "Ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." Nor have they any thing except "stripes" with which to reply to the apostles.

In both these instances the Sanhedrim studiously avoided the real question at issue. Every thing was suspended on the fact, whether Christ had really risen from the dead or not. If he was not raised he was an impostor, a blasphemer, and, therefore, worthy of death. The whole question, whether he was the promised Messiah, now turned upon this point. If he was a blasphemer—and the thing could be easily shown by proving that he had not risen—then the Sanhedrim had done only their duty in condemning him; but, on the other hand, if he was actually the promised Messiah, they were guilty of crucifying the Lord of life and glory. The apostles boldly charged this crime upon them; and the only reply the Sanhedrim have to make to the charge, is to command the disciples not to declare the thing publicly any more. How can this be accounted for, except on the supposition of conscious guilt, and the conviction, or, at least, the apprehension, that the declaration of the apostles had underlying it a broad foundation of truth?

4. *The miracles performed by the apostles, in the name of a risen Savior, can be accounted for only by admitting the fact of his resurrection.* Not only do they prove his resurrection by convincing witnesses, but corroborate that testimony by displaying the divine power with which they had been endowed by virtue of his resurrection. Not among the least of these miracles, is the miracle of the transformation in their own character. A short time before they were weak and timid—fearful even to accompany their Lord into Jewry, because the

Jews had conspired against him—trembling, afrighted, and forsaking him when arrested by a comparatively contemptible band—the boldest among them frightened into a denial of him, with oaths and profanity, even by a maid-servant, who only whispers her suspicion. Hardly two months have passed. The same band—though their Lord has been crucified and slain—now boldly walk forth among their enemies; they stand in the public places; they raise their voice in the temple; they cower not before the grand and imposing Sanhedrim—with tongues of fire and lips of burning eloquence, they proclaim Jesus and the resurrection. Stripes and imprisonment, torture and martyrdom in their most appalling forms, have no longer any terrors for them. Their minds, once so bewildered and mystified by the simplest sayings and parables, now grasp the profoundest truths of religion, construct the most convincing and powerful arguments, and pour forth, radiant with light, and beauty, and truth, the most sublime eloquence. Whence this change, but that their hearts have been filled and their tongues have been tipped with celestial fire? Thus prepared they go forth, and every-where tell the story of the resurrection; and in confirmation of its truth, signs and wonders are wrought, the sick are healed, the unclean spirits are cast out, the lame leap and the dumb speak, the living die and the dead rise to life. The vision of assembled thousands is dazzled by the resplendent glory that descends in visible form on the day of Pentecost; and in the mingled accents of no less than seventeen dialects, the multitude hear the glad tidings of salvation through a risen Savior.

Thus, with power more than human, and amid sanctions that attest the divinity of their mission, and the certainty of the resurrection, do the apostles go forth and lay the broad foundations of that great spiritual temple of our God, whose pillars shall rest upon the uttermost parts of the earth, whose lofty arches shall reverberate with the echoes of immortal songs, going up from every land and in every tongue, and whose ascending turrets, unmarred in beauty or in strength by the roll of ages, shall forever glitter in the sunbeams of eternity. Immortal men! divinely appointed and divinely sustained, your work has been well done, and through you shall "Jesus and the resurrection" be preached to all men and through all ages.

5. It now only remains, in the discussion of this subject, to show the relation which exists between the resurrection of Jesus Christ and the general resurrection of the dead.

The doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead forms a vital element of the Gospel. It stands forth preëminent in the faith, the preaching, and the writings of the apostles. It is connected with all that is practical and immortal in Christianity. But for the resurrection, the hope of immortality had perished in the grave; the Gospel itself had proved a failure. With what exulting rapture the mind turns from the dark scenes of the

garden, the cross, and the tomb, to behold the splendor of the resurrection triumph. The dying agony of the cross is blended with the rising glory of the resurrection. No fact has come down to us with stronger attestations of its reality; none has come to us gathering around it and centering in it holier or sublimer interests; and none can so assure the aspirings of the soul after immortality as the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

"In his blest life

I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of immortality. And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death!
This sum of good to man! whose nature then
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb.
Then, then I rose; then first Humanity
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
Stupendous guest! and seized eternal youth,
Seized in our name. 'E'er since 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was then transferred to Death; and heaven's duration
Unalienably sealed to this frail frame,
This child of dust. MAN ALL IMMORTALITY! hail!"

Again: the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead meets the infidel objection, that the soul dies with the body, and that, therefore, reanimation to life after death is impossible, and demonstrates its falsity. It sets the seal of living verity upon the great mystery of the resurrection. If Christ be indeed risen, how can any one longer say there is no resurrection of the dead? In this grand event—the resurrection of Christ—center two fundamental facts; the one is that death is not such an extinction of being as to render resurrection impossible, and the other is, that the divine power is adequate to rescue the body from the grasp of death. Only let one fact of reviviscence by the agency of divine power, through all the long ages of the past, be shown; one instance in which Death has been spoiled of his prey and driven back with everlasting defeat from his temporary triumph; and that one fact forever rebukes the vile skepticism that regards it a thing incredible that God should raise the dead. Such a fact we have in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Others had been restored to life; it was, however, a brief unavailing of divine power—a brief respite from the power of death and the grave. But the resurrection of Christ was a full and perfect demonstration of his triumph over death and the grave. One day we see him upon the cross groaning, agonizing, dying; the next we behold him the tenant of the grave; but as the morning of the third day begins to dawn, the signal moment of his power has arrived—the bands of death are broken and the mighty conqueror arises. He comes up girded with strength; he lifts up the broken fetters that had once bound him, in token of everlasting victory, and as he rises to all his followers he exclaims, "I am the resurrection and the life!" The resurrection of the dead is no longer a sealed problem. Its mystery is solved; its truth demonstrated. That same Power that quickened

the body of Jesus shall also quicken our mortal bodies, and shall make us immortal.

We are led, then, to remark again that the resurrection of Christ is the distinct pledge and assurance of our resurrection.

We connect these two things as the Bible connects them; they are blended together as cause and effect. We shall rise and triumph over death because Christ, as the great captain of our salvation, has achieved for us the victory. By him "came the resurrection of the dead;" "Christ hath abolished death." He has become "the first-fruits of them that slept." "He that raised up Jesus shall raise us up also by Jesus." And hence, also, it is said, we are "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." We may well say, then, that the hope of rising "from the sleep of the sepulcher"—the glory of our reproduced bodies in the resurrection—is not "the hope of worms," but the well-accredited hope of resurrection, in immortal bodies, beyond the grave and above decay. We died in the first Adam, we live in the second; we sunk with the earthly, we rise with the heavenly. Christ's resurrection is the pledge, the proof, and the pattern of ours.

Viewed in this light, we wonder not that the resurrection of Christ was the first and constant theme of the great apostles, who planted and formed the Christian Church. Nay, we wonder not that they caught up the message heralded by the angel of God, "He is risen from the dead;" and that this became the burden of their mission and the inspiration of their song. In all ages the message has found a response from Christian hearts—"he is risen from the dead"—and the mighty acclaim has burst upon every land and clime under the face of the whole heaven; and still does the mighty theme continue to gather strength, ever extending the sphere of its dominion and multiplying its trophies, till "Jesus and the resurrection" shall be known in all the earth.

The resurrection of Christ is only the first-fruits of a universal and glorious harvest. The dead shall rise. Small and great shall stand before the throne. They shall come forth from their resting-place. The sea shall give up its dead; the earth shall surrender its. The reviviscence shall be sudden. The blast of the appointed trump shall penetrate all the abodes of death. The sleeping dust shall start to life. Wonder and amazement shall seize an astonished world, and all men shall stand before their final Judge. The grandeur of that solemn event is past all conception, the throne of judgment descending through the parted heavens, the elements of nature dissolving, the graves opening, and the dead coming forth to judgment!

"Wherever slept one grain of human dust,
Essential organ of the human soul,
Wherever tossed—obedient to the call
Of God's omnipotence, it hurried on
To meet its fellow particles, revived,
Rebuilt, in union indestructible.
No atom of his spoils remained to Death;

From his strong arm by stronger arm released,
Immortal now in soul and body both,
Beyond his reach stood all the sons of men,
And saw behind his valley lie unfeared."

Christian! forget not that Death himself shall ere long die. "Christianity knocks at the gate of the grave and asks back her dead. Long, solitary, and undisturbed may be the slumber; but when the trumpet of eternity shall pour its thrilling thunder into the deaf, cold ear of the sepulcher, your God-created forms shall spring to life, immortal and renewed." We shall come up in the image of our living head; "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

FORCED BLOSSOMS.

THERE is a moral in the following little story, which it would be well if some parents and teachers would catch. There are far too many instances of children who are injured by study and sedentary habits. In fact, when a boy *will* learn—when he takes kindly to his books, most parents are inclined to urge him on to his highest intellectual speed. There is a selfish reason for this. Boys who are fond of books, or who can be kept by compulsion or persuasion for a greater part of the day at their studies, are far less troublesome and expensive than those reckless, whooping juveniles who wear out clothes and smash windows. But there is a day of reckoning for all things, and in after years, the boy who has paled over books, if he lives at all, shows the early want of air, exercise, and cheerful sport, in delicate health, or in a fearfully excitable nervous system. We can recall an instance of a child who, after being put through Virgil and Homer at seven or eight years of age, ended as an idiot at seventeen. Unfortunately the ruined health is never attributed to its true cause. "Growing," or constitutional infirmity, is supposed to be the reason, and medical treatment and change of air is resorted to when no remedy can be of any aid.

"No danger of Harry's making himself ill with study; and as he will learn I shall let him. He is head in all his classes, and his teacher tells us that the boy is really a genius. He came yesterday for permission to commence French lessons—but as he had a long task in Latin I hesitated."

"How old is Harry, sister?"

"Nine last month; and for a boy of his age, I must say he is doing uncommonly well. He has gone through Blake's Natural Philosophy, and now is delighted with an abridgment of Wayland's Moral Science. I confess I do not understand it all myself; but he must, for he repeats chapter after chapter without missing a word. There are boys in his class seventeen and eighteen years old. Why, what are you doing, Laura?"

Her sister was busily employed, and did not look up at first. As the conversation progressed, she seemed quite unconscious that she had taken a waxen bud from a rich cluster of tube roses, that stood in a vase upon the table before her, and had forced the pure petals outward till the bud became a blossom.

"Is it not beautiful?" said she, giving it to her sister; "and out so long before the rest."

"Yes, very beautiful just now; but how long do you think it will stay so? It droops already; why could you not let it be till it was developed naturally?"

Her remark was just—beautiful as it was at first, the petals soon became brown, then shivered. Its freshness and fragrance were fast passing away. Just then a fine little fellow came into the room, and, taking a book from the center-table, threw himself languidly upon the sofa, and brushing back the wavy hair from a full, pale forehead, commenced reading very intently.

"Why do you not go and play with your cousins, Harry?" said his mother.

"O, they are so rude, so noisy, I mean—I am in a hurry to finish this, too;" and the boy's eyes were once more fastened upon the page before him.

His mother smiled, well pleased at his studiousness; but his aunt looked grave, and pointed to his flushed cheek, and the peculiar brilliancy of his eye.

"He needs exercise; you should insist upon his going out," said she. "I do not wish to alarm you needlessly, but you will find the truth of your own words;" and she held up the withering blossom. "Beautiful just now; but how long think you it will stay so? It droops already; why could you not let it be till it develops naturally?"

"Harry," said his mother, starting as if a new light had flashed upon her mind, "I insist that you go into the air for half an hour at least. You can finish your book this evening."

She had seen the justice of her sister's delicate reproof; and we trust that if this little paragraph falls under the notice of parents who are given to the "forcing system," they also may be warned in time. Henry is not an imaginary example, neither is he a solitary instance, where the mind is suffered to develop itself at the expense of the physical powers.

THE NEWSPAPER.

A NEWSPAPER is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance: though, to check us in our too fond love of it, we may consider, that the present, likewise, will soon be past, and take its place in the repositories of the dead.—*Bishop Horn.*

THUNDER-STORM.

BY REV. J. SOMMERVILLE.

Hark! you hear that distant murmur,
Echoing along the sky!
Gloomy clouds appear more gloomy;
See the storm advances nigh.
See the clouds how fiercely driven
By the elemental war,
Rendezvous in wild confusion;
See the tumult, hear the jar!
There, again, the heavens on fire,
Breathless silence note the shock;
How it thunders, how it rattles;
Terra firma seems to rock!
See the crystal drops are falling—
There the storm has just begun;
Hear the chickens how they chipper—
See them flying while they run.
See the pleasure-party running,
Bride and bridegroom how they fly!
Flippant fops and giddy lasses,
Now they fear the powers on high.
How the state of things is changing!
Umbrellas now they wish;
Mud and dust no longer dreaded,
On their way they boldly rush.
Look! see there the feeble mother;
O how great her heart's alarm!
See, she flies as if from Herod,
Lest her babe should suffer harm!
Madam, let me help you onward;
Let me bear your precious load;
I shall carry him with pleasure;
We can run along the road.
Bravo, now we've gained the shelter—
Reached the nearest cottage by;
How it thunders, how it lightens—
Reddens all the western sky!
O how vain it is to trifle
With the soul's eternal peace!
Where shall you at last find shelter,
If despite the Savior's grace?
You are far away on pleasure,
Tripping o'er the flowery lawn;
Where, O where, should you find shelter
If the day of wrath should dawn!
Would you to the rocks and mountains
Lift a high, imploring hand?
Rock and mountains fly before you,
Driven by a dread command.
See the little speck of warning,
In the distant heaven clear;
Hear the distant thunder's murmur,
Floating on the evening air.
Fly to Jesus, he's your shelter;
He will take the sinner in;
While impending wrath and ruin
Fall upon a world of sin.

ABOUT MY VISIT TO UNCLE WILLIAM'S.

BY ALICE GARY.

DRAW upon imagination as we may, and when the probabilities are woven together never so ingeniously, to say nothing of the possibilities and impossibilities coined to make novels, the story is less interesting than a simple narration of facts. They are no wonderful experiences that I am going to relate; nevertheless, fragments of actual biography as they are, they seem to me better than fiction.

It is, perhaps, seven or eight years ago—ah me, how soon we grow old enough to look back to seven, and eight, and ten years as to yesterday!—since I went to spend the winter with my cousins, Delia and Jane Peters. I omitted to state in my preface that I shall use fictitious names; for the true ones would be no truer to the reader, and might, if they meet the eyes of the persons of whom my story is, be an annoyance.

As I was saying, I went to visit my cousins, who lived in a neighborhood which I shall call Elm Ridge. It is an obscure, and was to me a lonesome place, though they said they had people all around them; and, indeed, the village meeting-house and tavern-sign were within view, and the window lights of Abner Widdleton, the nearest neighbor, shone across the door-yard.

The happiest occasions, if they bring change with them, are sad; and I remember that I could not sleep well the night previously to my setting out, though I had been for weeks talking of the pleasure I should have in visiting uncle William's folks. The last collar was ruffled, the last strings, and hooks and eyes adjusted, preparatory; my trunk packed, and my bonnet, with the green veil pinned fast, laid on the bed, while a night yet lay between me and my little journey. Then it was, when all was ready, that a sorrowful, half-regretful feeling came over me. I stood at the window and looked on the way the stage-coach would come in the morning; watched the cows as they crouched with snow-ridges on their backs, and their faces from the wind; and the chickens, as they flew into the cherry-trees, cackling out their discomfort as they settled themselves on the smoothly worn boughs; for it was a cheerless, blustery night, and all these commonplaces seemed to have in them a solemn import, and all because I was to be a dozen miles away for a few weeks. Such fearful and foolish children we are, afraid of we know not what.

A dozen times I said to little Dillie, with whom I slept, "Are you asleep?" before I could sleep myself. But I was wearied out at last, and but imperfectly heard the speckled cock telling his mates it was midnight, when a blessed wave of oblivion came between me and Elm Ridge, and I woke not till a hand rested lightly on my shoulder, and a familiar voice said to me, "I guess it's time."

I needed no second call, but was dressed and

waiting in a few minutes. It didn't require much time for breakfast, I think. There seemed nothing for us to say as we watched the coming of the coach, while my baggage was carried toward the gate that I might occasion no detention. A few repetitions of what had been already said, a few exchanges of smiles that faded into sighs, and the well-known rumble on the next hill arrested our make-believe conversation.

My little baggage was hoisted to the top. I was afraid I should never see it again. A portly gentleman, having a round red face and pale blue eyes, reached out one hand—it was freckled and fat, I remember—to assist me in; "All ready?" cried the driver, and we were off. I looked back presently, and saw them all standing just as I had left them, except little Dillie, who had climbed on the fence, and was gazing after the coach very earnestly.

The coach jolted and rolled from side to side, for the road was rough and frozen; and the plethoric man, who wore a tightly buttoned brown overcoat, leaned his double chin on his fat hands, which were crossed over the gold head of a crooked but highly polished walking-stick, and conversed with the gentleman opposite in an easy, complacent way, that indicated a pleasant state of satisfaction with the world and with himself.

The person with whom he conversed was an exceedingly diminutive man, having the delicate hands and feet of a child; a mouth in which a shilling might scarcely be slipped; a little long head, bald past the crown, with thin brown hair hanging far over his coat-collar, which was glazed with wearing to the depth of half an inch, as it seemed.

I soon learned their respective homes and avocations—the fat man proved to be a pork merchant, homeward bound from a profitable sale; and the little man a tailor and small merchant of one of the western states.

"There," said he, smiling, and pointing to a huge wagon of several tons burden, drawn by six stout horses, wearing bells on their collars, "there goes a little buggy that's got a budget or two of mine aboard." The fat man smiled, and every one else smiled, as they saw the six horses straining forward at the exertion of all their ability, to slowly drag along the ponderous load behind them; for the great wagon-body was heaped and overheaped with bags, bales, and baskets, crocks, cradles, and calicoes—in fact, all sorts of family and household utensils, from a plow to a teapot, and with a variety of wearing apparel, from towels to cambrics.

"Two or three times a year I buy up such little bunch as that," he said; and he smiled again, and so did every body else.

"That bay cretur on the off side," he resumed, letting down the window and looking back, "is fallen lame, I believe my heart. Polly will be as mad as a hornet about it; it's her riding nag, d' you see—that ere bay." And as long as we could hear the bells he continued to gaze back, tying a silk

handkerchief over his head as he did so, to protect it from the cold.

Whether or not the aforesaid Polly was his wife, and, if she was, whether or not she was mad as a hornet, are questions of which to this day I am profoundly ignorant, nor is it probable that I shall ever be enlightened; but I have hoped that if Polly were wife to the little merchant, she was not mad as a hornet, or, at worst, that she was pacified with a new dress, and the poor beast soon got the better of the lameness.

The fat man pointed out all the fields in which the hogs which he had just sold in the market had rested of nights, and each time he concluded with, "Well, they'll never root any more."

It would be hard to tell why, but all the coach-passengers looked with interest at the various fields, and woods, and pens, where the drover's hogs had been.

"Just on this knoll, or that rise," he would say, "a fat fellow gave out, and we gave him a ride for the rest of the way, or treated him to a hot bath."

He occupied more than his share of room, to the annoyance of the lady who shared the seat with him; for she had much less than half for the convenience of herself and child, a deformed and forlorn-looking little boy of perhaps six years. He was scantily, even meanly dressed, his bare feet hanging quite below his cotton frock, and his stiff fur-hat being so large as to fall over his eyes, which were remarkably black and large. I could not but notice that the woman, or mother, as I supposed her to be, wrapped her shawl more carefully about herself than the child, that kept all the time moaning and fretting, sometimes crying out bitterly. She made no effort to soothe it, except that she now and then turned its face from one direction to another. Once or twice she held it close against her—I thought not fondly, but crushingly—and more than once or twice she dashed its head against the fat man's side, partly by way of jostling him, as I thought, and partly to punish its crying.

Poor baby! he rubbed his eyes till his little hands were all wet with tears; but never did she warm them in her bosom or dry them with her kisses. Indeed, she seemed no more concerned than as if she had held on her lap a bundle of sticks.

A sudden cry of evident pain drew all eyes to her. In one of the dabs at the fat man she had scratched the face of the child with a pin sticking on his sleeve.

"Poor little beauty!" whispered a pale, lady-like-looking woman to the person beside her, a black-whiskered, well-fed-looking man, "poor little beauty! I wish I had it."

"Really, Nelly," he answered, in a half-kind, half-mocking way, "you *are* benevolent;" and in a lower voice he added, "considering the circumstances."

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I occupied the middle seat with the merchant, and the lady who had spoken so kindly sat directly behind me, but I turned involuntarily when I heard her voice, and saw, as I have said, that she looked pale and delicate, and that she dropped her veil and blushed at the words of her companion.

In the seat with this couple sat a rosy-cheeked, middle-aged woman, who had hitherto kept her lips compressed, but, as it seemed to me, with difficulty. She now leaned across the lap of the gentleman, and asked the lady if she had any children of her own; if she was married or single; saying she wondered that she should feel such sympathy for that *ornary* child; for that nobody but a mother could have the feelings of a mother. "Now I," she added, "have left a little one at home—six months old it was the fourteenth of last month—and I'm just fairly crazy, though I haven't been gone a day, as you may say, for it was three o'clock yesterday when I started; the baby was asleep then. I expect may be he cried when he waked up and missed me; but it seemed necessary for me to go away. I had to go, in fact, as you may say. Nobody drove me to-be-sure; but then we wanted a good many things about the house that, as you may say, nobody could get but myself, and I thought I might as well go now as ever. I knew the baby would be taken good care of by Liddy—that's my oldest girl; but it seemed like I couldn't get my own consent, and I went without it at last, as you may say."

"Do you live in town?" she inquired; and, without making a pause for the lady's reply, continued, "A body sees a heap of pretty things that a body would like to have, don't they, if they only had plenty of money?"

"This is a tea-pot," she explained, holding up a carefully wrapped parcel; "it's a new fashion, they told me; but I think it's a new-fashioned old fashion; for I remember, when I was a girl, we used to have one just a'most like it."

And she kindly tore off a bit of the envelop with her teeth, telling the lady she could see the color, and that she had a set in a basket on top of the coach, the same color and the make of the same man, she supposed.

"Dear sakes! I hope none of them will get broken," she exclaimed; "and won't I be glad to see my baby!"

Having settled herself in her place, she leaned forward again to say, "Just hear that fat man! he talks about his affairs as if he thought every body as much interested in them as himself."

I smiled to think she was doing the self-same thing. How quick our vision is to detect the faults of others—how slow in self-examination!

"Do you see that old tree with the fork split off and hanging down?"

It was the fat man who asked this question of nobody in particular; consequently, every body tried to see, and most of us did see.

"One of my fellows hung himself there last

week," continued the fat man. "He was well the day before. At supper—we slept at a tavern not a half a mile away—I noticed he didn't eat, and seemed down-hearted like; but I didn't say nothing to him; I wish now I had; and in the morning he couldn't be found, high nor low. Finally, we gave up the search, and got our drove started along later than common. I stopped a bit after the rest, settling with the landlord, who said to me in a joking way like, that he guessed he'd have to charge me for his wife's clothes-line; that she said she was as certain as that she was alive that it hung on a particular peg the night you came, and she thinks that missing drover of yours knows something about it; he looked wild out of his eyes, she says.

"Just that way he spoke about it; and I laughs at him, mounts my horse, and rides away. I had just come in sight of the drove when one of my fellers—that's the one whose legs you see, [and he pointed to a pair of muddy boots hanging against the window from the outside of the coach,] came toward me running on the full jump, and told me that they had discovered Jake hung on a tree, and swinging in the wind stiff as a poker."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the woman with the sick child, and giving the fat man as much room as possible, "how did he look, and what did you do with him?"

"Look!" repeated the fat man, "he looked like a dead man; and as for doing with him, we cut him down, and put him under ground by the side of an old black log."

"I wish I could see the one that discovered him," she said, trying to pull down the window; "is he any kin to the man that hung himself, and had he taken the clothes-line?"

He had taken the clothes-line the man said; but the woman, on its being returned to her, said it would bring bad luck to the house, and so threw it in the fire.

The poor child was not dabbed against him any more; but it kept crying and moaning, and rubbing its eyes and the scratch on its face, which smarted as the tears wet it.

"What ails your child?" asked the fat man, who seemed not to have noticed its crying till he turned to answer the question of the nurse.

"Nothing; only he's ugly and cross," she answered.

"I guess any of us would feel bad," said the rosy-cheeked woman with the new tea-pot, "if our bare feet hung dangling about like *hisen*, to say nothing of that scratch on his face. Won't you be good enough, sir, to take that pin out of your sleeve?"

"Certainly, madam; I was not aware"—he didn't finish the sentence to her, for she had leaned across and was saying to the pale, pretty lady, that she never could see what a man wanted to have pins stuck about him for.

"Naughty pin, wasn't it!" said the fat man to the baby, taking from his sleeve the offending

article and throwing it from the window; and he continued, putting the child's feet in one of his mittens, "Tell him murrur she must wrap him in her shawl."

Of course, he indicated the nurse as he spoke.

"You needn't look at me," she replied; "I am none of his mother; she is in a mad house; they just took her this morning. It was a dreadful sight—she a raving, and the children screaming and carrying on at a dreadful rate. They say she is past all cure, and I spose she is. She liked to have pulled all the hair out of my head when she saw I was going to take the baby. I am only a distant relation," she said; "but it is not always near of kin that are the best to orphans. Sit up!" she exclaimed, giving the child a rough jerk; "don't lean against the gentleman as heavy as a bag of mush."

The fat man had become a lion in her estimation since she had learned that one of his drovers had hanged himself the previous week.

"He doesn't disturb me in the least," said the fat gentleman; and taking off the child's hat, he smoothed his hair with his great hand.

"I guess he is a right nice man," said the rosy-cheeked woman leaning toward the pale lady, who was untying a fur cape she wore. "Put it round the little boy, my good woman," she said, reaching it toward her. "Really, Nelly," said the gentleman beside her, and he looked at her with evident displeasure. But the woman returned the cape, saying, "He's got to take the world as he can get it; there is no use of wrapping him in a fine fur cape for an hour."

"That fellow up there," said the fat man, "could tell you more than I can about the wretched suicide I was telling of."

"Wretched what?" repeated the woman.

"The fellow that was so fond of swinging;" and as he spoke he lifted the child from her knees, unbuttoned his brown coat, and folded him warmly beneath it, resting his chin on the boy's hair, and telling him that at home he had a little boy just about his size, asking him if he would like to go home with him and be his little boy.

The coach now rattled along at a lively rate, and, soothed by the warmth and the kindly tone, the poor little boy was soon fast asleep.

I noticed that the lady in the corner looked weary and worn; and that once when she laid her head on the shoulder of the man beside her, he moved uneasily, and as though the weight burdened him, and that she lifted herself up again, though she seemed scarcely able to do so.

"That's my house," said the rosy-cheeked woman, "right *fern* William Peters's; and I guess I am as glad to get home as they will be to see me—the dear knows I didn't want to go. I would have paid any body, and been very much obliged to them besides, if they could have done my errands for me."

At the gate of her house a rosy-cheeked man

stood in waiting for her; and as the crockery was handed down, the good-natured woman gathered sundry little parcels together; shook hands with the pale lady, saying she hoped she would soon get the better of the ill turn she seemed to have; uncovered the baby's face, and kissed it—a tear dropped on its clasped hands as she did so—"Just to think if it was mine," she said, I suppose by way of apology for what the world considers a weakness; and smiling a sort of benediction on us all, she climbed out.

I followed, for my destination was also reached.

"You going to stop here? Well, now, if that don't beat all. I suppose you are Mr. Peters's niece that I've heard so much tell of. And as I am alive, if there ain't Delia just going away. Poor girl, I guess she leaves her heart behind her." This information she gave me in a whisper; and having told me I must come in and see her, she flew rather than walked toward the house, for Jane was coming to meet her with the baby.

I could only shake hands twice with my cousin Delia, who seemed to anticipate little pleasure from her journey, as I judged from her tear-blind eyes and quivering lip. I thought she whispered to her father something about remaining at home now that I was come.

"O, no, Dillie, I don't think it's *worth* a while," he said; "she will stay here all winter, and you will back in a month at furderest."

The gentleman who accompanied the pale lady climbed down and assisted Delia into the coach with much gallantry; the driver's whip made an evolution in the air; the jaded horses sprang forward as though fresh for the race; and the poor little child, with its bare feet and red hands, was lost to me forever.

May the good Shepherd have tempered the winds to its needs, and have strengthened it against temptations, if so be that it remaineth yet in this hard and often uncharitable world!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.

WE know not the author of the following, but it is pretty: Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in sand or the stone; not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

CHARLOTTE CIBBER.

IN the Memoir of Colley Cibber, recently published, occurs a passage descriptive of the abode, the person, and the habits of his once celebrated daughter:

"Cibber had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1775 she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Clarke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the purlieu of Clarkenwell Bride-well, not very distant from New River head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshiped power. The night previous a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the Muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present—1790—fashionable style of half-boots. We knocked at the door—not attempting to pull the latch-string—which was opened by a tall, meager, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the Copper Captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex in the comedy of 'Rule a Wife.' She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantel-piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at us going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect; and at our author's feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton; he raised his shagged head, and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends.' The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched on the top rung of her chair, not an uncomely ornament; and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows—the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office; they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure—the manuscript of her novel.

Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down, and entered upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and some thirty guineas demanded for the copy.

"The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation. The bookseller offered five! Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and, at his instance, the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one-half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet-laureate and patentee of Drury Lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill. The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstance of her death, the writer himself was an eye-witness."

MATRIMONIAL HYPOCRISIES.

THERE is one large department of minor morals, which we must treat very briefly. We allude to those frightful hypocrisies which are so commonly practiced in private life, and which society does not censure. Some of them may indeed be described as of a blameless character. Although you are morally convinced that Crossleigh and his wife are the most unhappy couple in existence; and that, when alone together, they fight with the ferocity of tiger cats; it is, we own, rather agreeable than otherwise to find them deferring to each other, before company, in very complaisant terms, and habitually employing the sugared epithets of the honey-moon. There may be, in all that, a deal of false pretense, but no one suffers by it. Very different, however, is the deception which Mrs. Crossleigh practices on account of her daughters. The young lady, Octavia, is the incarnation of a vixen; and in her hereditary bad temper of both her parents is so concentrated, that she has the entire mastery over them. Some glimmerings of common

sense have made this amiable virgin aware that an exhibition of these qualities is not likely to win the admiration of mankind—for the taste of Petruccio was decidedly peculiar; and it required considerable self-confidence to undertake the taming of a shrew—and she usually appears abroad in the guise of a meek Griseldis. Nor is she unbacked by her mother, who, in order to get rid of her, has heaped a whole Himalayah of falsehoods upon her soul. Her object is to get Octavia suitably married, and for that purpose she spreads her snares for weak-minded young men only. One milk-and-water curate with a pulpy countenance, and an intense veneration for the excellences of the Cyprianic age, was very nearly made a victim, and had just made up his mind to pop the question, when the sound of an ill-advised skirmish up stairs, and an assault upon a terrified house-maid, made him take to his heels as though he had seen the shadow of Apollyon. Most beautiful it is to have a mother piously returning thanks for the comfort she has received from her children, and indicating rather than expatiating upon the extent of their manifold virtues. But mothers are apt to be partial judges, and it is always safe for those meditating matrimony to have recourse to some less interested testimony. Indeed, parents are never to be relied on. Sometimes they are misled, at others they are willfully misleading; and in either case, perhaps, there is an excuse.

One kind of hypocrisy, however, we denounce as loathsome. It is that of the cold, determined fortune-hunter, who, having no wealth of his own, or having squandered it, aspires to make his fortune by a matrimonial alliance. Fools very often entertain this idea, and in them it is less discreditable; for, not being gifted with any strong perceptions, they merely follow an indolent impulse, assume no false features beyond the appearance of a stupid admiration, and, in nine cases out of ten, would be tolerably kind to their wives. Many a fool is by no means a bad-hearted fellow; besides, as he can not by any possibility disguise his folly, the lady has herself to blame. But the case of the clever fortune-hunter is different. He has not one atom of feeling in his whole composition. He cares nothing for the woman he is pursuing for the sake of her money—he merely regards her as a necessary, and not unfrequently a disagreeable, condition. No art that he will not practice—no disguise that he will not assume, to gain his purpose. Comes she of a strictly pious family? He forthwith approaches her in a methodical garb, attends prayer meetings, takes an interest in tract societies, and is eager for the conversion of the Jews. Is she sentimental? The miscreant, though he never previously read a line of poetry in his life, crams himself with Moore and Byron, and expatiates upon the passion of the bulbul for the rose. Whatever be her inclinations, or his tendencies, he tries to adapt himself to these, and not unfrequently succeeds, for he is a clever scoundrel, and gifted with

histrionic power. Many of the deepest tragedies of domestic life—many a sad story of a broken heart, more mournful and melancholy than mere imagination could devise, have arisen from the successful machinations of such cold blooded villains, and yet society does not visit these offenses with any marked reprobation. Hypocrisy, deception, false pretenses—all are tolerated within a certain range, or passed over without reprobation, however notoriously they may be exhibited.—*Blackwood*.

THE BY-PATHS OF LITERATURE.

BY J. H. BAKER.

MILTON'S COMUS: A MASQUE.

AFTER Milton had taken his second degree at Cambridge, in 1632, he retired to his father's house, in Buckinghamshire, and for five years was buried to the world, save that now and then he went up to London to buy books. He carried with him, into this retirement, a complete knowledge of the classic languages, and reveled in all the luxury of the poets and historians of antiquity. They were the years of unremitting toil, in which the "deep, dark foundations of his mind were laid." He was quietly forging the golden chains which were to bind his mind forever in the severe but eloquent despotism of the classics. He was, perhaps, at this time, five and twenty, with a mind fresh and ardent, and a genius equal to the loftiest conceptions. In our contemplations of the majestic character of Milton, it is somewhat difficult to separate a consideration of his youth from our ideal grandeur of the ripe and "blind old bard" of threescore years. But he has left us a rich legacy of his youth as well as of his age. It was during this time of his retirement that his mind sallied forth on self-upborne wings into the pure regions of thought, and created, out of the boundless prodigality of his own nature, the immortal drama of *Comus*. And it is with no ordinary delight that we seek the first emanations of his genius, that we may cast the horoscope of his future greatness.

In the intellectual as well as in the physical world, "coming events cast their shadows before;" and never did genius preface its culminating glory by such a morning star. It was the "stripling cherub" that preceded the advent, or, rather, the exit of the "giant angel;" it was the star in the east, the token of ineffable splendor, and yet itself a "beauty and a joy forever."

This masque was first represented at Ludlow Castle, on Michaelmas day, 1634, before the right honorable, the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales, an office which has since been abolished. In the year 1774 it was abridged by some vandalic hand, and was performed as an after-piece at the Theater Royal in Covent Garden. The abridger

has suppressed some characters, banished a few recitatives, ballads, and songs, and some choral parts; while, occasionally, he has not unskillfully interwoven some of the parts of the banished characters into the remaining portions of the drama. It is in this epitomized condition that we find it in all the common editions of Milton's works. It is only in an ancient copy of the "*British Drama*" that I have been enabled to procure the unaltered text. The whole story receives its point and birth from the accidental separation of the two brothers and sister in the dark, wild wood, "what time, apace," came on the

"Gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed."

Soon, in the thick darkness, she bewails her forlorn condition with such dolorous sweetness that we are glad she is lost.

"O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveler?"

Here she is exposed to the dire power of the wizard *Comus*, whom "Circe had by the blithe youth *Bacchus*." He hurls his "dazzling spells into the spongy air;" evokes all the powers of his "hellish art" to subdue her virtue; assails her in a stately palace with soft music, delicious tables, and delight "beyond the bliss of dreams." Armed with her "Champion Conscience," she resists. He threatens to chain her "up in alabaster."

"Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled."

But "truth crushed to earth will rise again," and "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," Jove sent his angel-messenger in the guise and mien of a peasant—the lost brothers are warned, and, heaven-directed, rescue her from peril.

The great moral of the drama is, that God's unseen angels are in every place where Virtue trembles and resists, or, as the words of the last chorus express it,

"If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

A fine brace of poems—the "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*"—had either preceded or immediately succeeded the *Masque of Comus*. They exhibited two phases of the Miltonic mind, the cheerful and the melancholy; like a pair of swans, floating on the bosom of the same pure lake, the one disporting in the sunshine, the other musing quietly in the pensive sweetness of the melancholy shade.

In "*Lycidas*," that beautiful pastoral elegy, in which he bewails the untimely fate of his early friend and fellow-collegian, Edward King, who was lost in the wars of the Irish Sea, he skillfully and beautifully weaves together the purest portions of Pagan mythology with the richer roses of the garden

of Sharon. "He felt that in the millennial field of poetry, the wolf and the lamb might lie down together." These, beside some other minor pieces, were the associated effluence of his youthful mind.

In this dream-like drama of Comus, the prurient imagination of the bard essays the loftiest flights; not the grand, Miltonic, eagle flights of the "Paradise Lost," but that of the lark, caroling its praises high up amid the glories of the golden morning. It seems to catch inspiration from the auroral hues, and warbles, in very wantonness, an unpremeditated lay, "that might take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium." It sports like some free elements of nature, "that in the colors of the rainbow live, and play in the plighted clouds." It is not, like the "Sampson Agonistes," cut out of cold, intellectual marble, from whose picture the blind bard has almost cheerlessly locked out the natural imagery of the green earth. (And yet how sublime it is to contemplate the intellectual hero, verging toward the winter of his age, when the fires of youth are well-nigh exhausted, and the fair face of nature is darkly entombed from his vision—to behold him, with Cyclopean power, forging out this intellectual sarcophagus in which to embalm his blind antithesis of antiquity!) The young will ever prefer the playful sprightliness of the Masque; the old, mayhap, will find more congenial the strain that adorns the cenotaph of the blind hero of the temple of Dagon.

The graces of natural scenery which adorn this poem are luxuriant, but not redundant; and they are so felicitously expressed, that almost instinctively we are reminded of the "sweet bard of Avon." They hang on it, like the enviable myrtle and the rose, planted on the dark hair of a fair woman.

While speaking of the bard of Avon, we are reminded of one phase of this poem, which we must not fail to note, and that is, the Shakspearian character of many passages. We even pause to see if we may not place this in the "Tempest," or that in "Midsummer Night's Dream." They have all the careless ease and unsuperfluous luxuriance of his lofty verse. Take a single passage to illustrate this Shakspearian beauty:

"Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill-borrower,
With that which you received on other terms."

We might multiply such passages almost to the extent of the poem; and one might boldly interpolate such into the plays of the great dramatist, and the careless reader be all unconscious that the great bards of the epic and dramatic song were quietly bedding together.

The choral parts of Comus were doubtless in imitation of the Grecian drama. It was a kind of enchantment used by their writers of the tragic art—full of lyrical inspiration, and appealing to the religious feelings of the audience with mystical

solemnity. The youthful Milton seized the royal embellishment from the genius of antiquity, and with it decorated the fair bosom of his first intellectual love. There is a spell in its harmony, and an indescribable charm in the "linked sweetness long drawn out." The choral interludes in *Æschylus* occur undoubtedly too often, and are, likewise, too prolix. Sophocles, the "Attic Bee," more judicious, improved the art by diminishing the number. Euripides, the rival of Sophocles, who triumphed in the sweet art of poetry, at about the same age as that in which Milton's genius gave birth to the Masque of Comus, polished with still greater effect his choral odes, and adapted them better to the character of his subjects. But Milton, with a superior genius, has all the lyrical splendor of *Æschylus*, combined with the judgment of the "Attic Bee," and the more polished diction of Sophocles. But while we permit Milton to bear away the palm of excellence, we must remember that these Grecian fathers pioneered the way, and unbarred the golden gates that inclosed the dominion of the Muses.

We can not help but admire the cool philosophy of the Elder Brother, and his calm trust in Providence. He sternly refuses to march out and meet calamity; it's enough to grapple with it when it comes. He is not of the number of those who are always looking for the pale hand of woe and taking misery "by the forelock." There were no pallid gravestones looming up in the green fields of his imagination; there was no melancholy "Raven"

"Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above his chamber door,"

and to every hope and vision of happiness, smiting his soul with the wail of "nevermore! nevermore!" The beak was from out his heart—the shadow was from off his floor:

"Peace, brother; be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid!"

But what shall we say of this "virgin lady," with "the sun-clad power of chastity," and those sweet inhabitants of her virgin bosom—"pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope?" In all the majesty of Virtue, she repels, with withering scorn, the insidious advances of her new-born lover. She glories, she exults, she hurls back with calmness his "gay rhetoric," and deigns not to unfold the "serious doctrine" which is her panoply; for he is "not worthy" to hear himself convinced. But mark how she arms herself for the fiery trial:

"Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength."

She is quite the opposite of Eve. Eve came into Paradise one morning like a new-made star in heaven, with all the freshness of the new-blown rose, and all the purity of Alpine snow; "divinely fair, fit love for gods." In an untimely hour she wandered from her lord and encountered, in the

solitude of the garden, the most sapient of ser-pents:

"His words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won,"

and this "empress of the fair world" fell—fell even as the too ripe rose, when the parent stem is shaken by some rude hand—all fell. Purity spread her white and dove-like wings and took her lonely flight from the bosom of our first mother! Sad garden! Sin, a welcome guest, and Virtue exiled to her native heaven! But our "Virgin Lady" repels the wanton assaults of vice, with its most soft and dazzling rhetoric, even when the fresh blood is "brisk as the April buds in primrose season." The tempter fawned, flattered, wooed, and, at length vanquished, threatened to lock her up in alabaster; but she welcomed the pure bars of a prison, that could only manacle "this corporal rind," knowing that her fetterless mind could yet tread the snow-clad heights of purity! His power could not blast the domain of the soul. We feel as though such a heroine might have sleeked the azure-crested neck of the wily serpent, and read in his sapient eye the deep and dark design of his intent, and then, with the authority of Virtue, upbraiding his malice, would have caused him to shrink back to the thicket and to the dust, abashed at so great a presence! But the one is fact; the other is fiction. Yet we thank the shade of the mighty Milton, that, even in the empyreal fields of his imagination, he has left the monumental statue of a woman lovely as an angel, and, breathing sounds as a dulcimer, triumphant in virtue.

We lose, in Comus, the loftiness and Roman stateliness of the epic; but we gain the sprightly elegance of the Grecian verse. We forget the sightless bard of the turbulent times of the commonwealth, whose "thoughts wandered through eternity," and scaled the battlements of heaven, and thence followed the falling Lucifer "to bottomless perdition." We remember only the first elastic bound of the most potent genius that ever wooed the Muses from their sacred hill. But yet there is majesty in this poem: not the majesty of the archangel, but of the angel only. There is divinity, too; the divinity of truth embalmed in the amber of genius. If Milton reared his lofty epic, full, round, and clear, into the intellectual sky, a light and glory through all time, he fixed also, on the "forehead of the eve," a flaming star, whose chaste ray will oftener fall across our path and enter more quietly into our hearts.

"HAVE you not found," said Cole, in a letter to a friend, "that you never succeed in painting scenes, however beautiful, immediately on returning from them? I must wait for time to draw a veil over the common details, the unessential parts, which will leave the great features, whether the beautiful or the sublime, dominant in the mind."—*Bryant*.

CHEAP DEAR BOOKS.

ONE of the most remarkable features of modern literature is, cheap series of dear books. A novel comes out in three volumes octavo, from some fashionable publisher at the traditional price of a guinea and a half. It takes the round of the circulating libraries. It is read by the few who seize on the new in contradistinction to the good, and who can afford to be fastidiously exclusive. A year or two passes away, and we see it again in another form. The three volumes are compressed into one. The large print is changed for a more compact type; the desert of margin is abridged; the cloth and gold lettering replaced by "boards," and the price dwindled from a guinea and a half to a shilling. It takes its place on cheap bookstalls. It is bought as the companion of the railway journey or the steamboat voyage. Instead of the press sending forth the few hundreds of the first edition, it strikes off the thousands of the cheap reissue. One great cause of this change is to be found in the periodical literature of the day. That has bred up a new class of readers for authors who appear in some other than a fugitive form—but they are a class of "cheap readers." To suit them the price of a book must be low, and they are not very particular about the quality of the paper and the binding. While genius must make its bow to the exclusive and rich in "purple and fine linen," they welcome it though it come in sackcloth and ashes. They can afford to dispense with appearances so that they get realities. They want a book to read it, not because it looks handsome. The numbers of readers of this sort makes the supply of their wants profitable, for the cost of production diminishes in proportion to the quantity produced—and that is a motive sufficient for publishers. That acts, no doubt, also on writers; but they have also another reason: they wish to become popular; they desire to see their works—the children of their brains—estimated by the many; and in these times, the popularity and estimation which are best worth having are conferred, not by select circles, but by the mass. Literature is becoming democratic. Its suffrage almost reaches so far as to be universal; and those who coin thoughts into words seek to make them "household words" for the cottage as well as "elegant extracts" for the mansion.

People begin to understand that there may be no difference between the thing purchased for a shilling and that purchased for a pound, but in outside show. This higher tone in low-priced works has bred a higher taste among readers of limited means. There are still some pages issued which appeal to the lowest class of minds—but altogether, they are upon the decline. Daggers and poison are going out of fashion. The "incomparably startling" and "inconceivably horrible" and "incredibly mysterious" are beginning to be at a discount. There is sufficient discrimination in most quarters to choose between talent and trash, and enough healthiness of feeling to prefer true sentiment to twaddle.

THE MORAL HERO.

BY WILLIAM HORATIO BARNES.

It is said of BISHOP M'KENDREE, that when borne from the itinerant field, worn down by years and toil, *he wept*.

They bore him from the field of strife:

His day of toil was past;
His work of love was done for aye,
A rest had come at last!
The workman from his field of toil
Is called by close of day;
Declining life—his setting sun,
Now beckons him away.

He blew the Gospel's silver trump
From Zion's crystal wall;
Glad thousands heard the hallowed sound,
And swift obeyed the call.
His lips were touched with holy flame—
The altar-fire of heaven—
And when he spoke the mighty bowed,
The heart of stone was riven.

He heard his Master's calling voice—
Obeyed his high behest,
And spoke such words of joy and hope,
That thousands called him blest.
He braved the dangers of the west,
Its forests dark and wild;
"His life he counted naught" to seek
Humanity's lost child.

But now they bear him from the field,
From sorrow and from pain;
The labors which have worn him down,
Will never come again.
His sorrows and his toils have gone
Upon the tide of years;
The *victory* is his to-day,
But he is bathed in tears.

He weeps—the man who touched the string
That moved ten thousand hearts—
Weeps as he leaves his life-long toil,
And from his work departs.
He weeps not that he soon must go
To tread immortal soil;
Nor that his Master's welcome voice
Now bids him cease from toil;

But, O he weeps to see the world
Still hostile to his God,
And posting downward on the road,
Her former millions trod!
He weeps to see redemption's plan
By mortals still despised,
And hated yet the brightest scheme
That Mercy e'er devised.

He weeps to see how few have found
The way to joy and heaven;
To see the tide of sin and wrong
That still is unforgiven.

He weeps to see the little flock
Lone struggling for the right;
He weeps to know that he no more
May join them in the fight.
He wept not long, for soon he heard
His Master's cheering voice,
"Thy work is done, and nobly done;
Weep not, fear not, rejoice—
Rejoice in hope: this little band
Shall soon be millions strong;
Thy work shall live in souls redeemed,
While cycles roll along!"

LINES

ON A LONELY AND NEGLECTED GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER WILLIAMS, M. D.

LONE resting-place,
Unmarked to tell who sleeps below;
No willow boughs their shadows throw,
Nor flowery shrubs wave to and fro,
O'er thy neglected face.

The straying wind
Sighs vainly for thy hidden tale,
And all the fury of the gale,
When lash'd into its wildest wail,
No answers find.

Where is the soul
That left its baser part with thee?
Where will its final long home be,
When ushers in eternity
With endless roll?

Ambition, was't thy shrine,
Received the many gifts it bore?
Did it *too far* beyond thee soar,
And with a grasp that wept for more,
Loose *all* in thine?

Was't the red field,
O'er which *Bellona* drives her brother's car,
That lured the unknown one too far,
And, 'mid the banner, sword, and scar,
Was forced to yield?

Yet, O how vain,
To ask the unknown tale of thee!
Long silence will forever be
The gloomy seal of secrecy,
That never breaks again!

The naked bones
That molder in thy slimy arms,
Will leave thee and thy grave worm swarms,
To spring into immortal charms,
When earthly thrones,
And earthly kings,
Have ceased to bind their fellows down,
With iron yoke and tyrant frown,
When universal peace will crown
What prophecy now sings.

LETTER FROM DR. HINMAN.

*Steamboat deck, on the Mississippi river, off St. Louis,
Summer Vacation, 1853.*

REV. DAVID W. CLARK, D. D.—DEAR BROTHER,—Interjections in writing or speaking are generally placed on the Index Expurgatorius of the literary world; but if they are ever allowable, this seems to be a very convenient spot to use them. Let a traveler for the first time find his way from La Salle on the Illinois, down to New Orleans, and back to St. Louis, puffing his way by steamboat for twenty days right through the heart of this great continent, and if he can write interjections, or string together long adjectives, he will find a great relief in putting them on paper. The sympathy by this time will have become so strong between himself and his boat, that it will hardly do to land without imitating the universal custom of this puffing swimmer at the wharf or levee. What a river! What great young cities! What a vast world of land in this western valley! On what a magnificent scale is it laid out! Broad enough for a continent—it is long enough for a hemisphere! In fact, I never had a full conception of *longness* before. The rivers are long, the boats are long, the cities are long, and, to sum up the whole description in a word, it is a long country. Judging from what I have seen, it contains a great many long-headed men and noble-hearted women. I know some of the younger ministers preach very long sermons; but those I heard were quite good as well as long. In fine, this constantly recurring idea of *longness* becomes nearly as disagreeable to the wearied traveler as my description of it will be to the literary reader.

The city of St. Louis is by no means an exception to this general law. Including its northern and southern suburban villages, which are, in fact, only the two wings of the city proper, and St. Louis is some ten miles long by two miles wide, running up from the river on a broken inclined plane, presenting a noble front to the approaching traveler. It is one of the finest sites for a great city in this nation. I do not mean to say there are really twenty square miles of brick and mortar actually put together; but there is a very fair beginning toward them, and there is plenty of land held at city prices and sold by the foot to make them. The frame is up for just such a city, and it can not be many years before it will be completed. A stranger to western life and our history for the last half century, would think this great valley might find ample city accommodations for at least fifty years within the limits of St. Louis proper, without adding a single square foot to its suburban territory. But a man who knows this new world would hardly rank its dimensions at such a distant epoch to be less than those of Nineveh or Babylon in their palmy days.

This is the era of city building in the west. The castle-building age has passed, unless, perhaps, we except railroads; for with their introduction every

tenth man expects to have a city on his farm, and all his neighbors—to live in the suburbs.

The Stoics demonstrated the fact that the world is a great animal, and in the following language: "That which has the use of reason is better than that which has not. Now, there is nothing better than the world; therefore, the world has reason, and is a great animal."

If this be, indeed, a fact, the Mississippi is one of its arteries, or, rather, the great *aorta* or trunk of the arterial system, proceeding directly from the world's heart. That it drains the heart of this continent is certain. Few even of the most imaginative minds have probably gone beyond the truth in their glowing descriptions of its future. It makes a western man proud of his home. Its occasional *agues* and *chill-fevers* are said to be only the result of a surfeit of *good things*; and this further may be the reason of the rigid abstemiousness recommended by the medical faculty for all such patients. Humboldt says in "some places the abundance of marine animalcules, and their animal matter, are so vast that the sea-water itself becomes a nutrient fluid to many of the larger animals." They literally swim in a sea of plenty; having dispensed with eating, they have only to breathe and live. The gorgeous richness and rank luxuriance of the Mississippi bottoms are akin to such a sea. If feasting the eye on an exuberant vegetation could but satisfy the cravings of hunger, the inhabitants of this valley might easily imitate Humboldt's idle, aristocratic lords of the ocean.

But, with all its excellences, this river, like other moving things, has its defects. I am hardly prepared to charge it with moral obliquity; and yet, in at least three respects, its acts look very like it. It is guilty of theft, of opposition to free soil, and of pride, to say nothing of the stubbornness of its will. It has been known to carry off the whole of a man's farm of a night, and that, too, without the consent and contrary to the expressed will of its owner. And then, as it often happens, this may be *free soil*, which it takes down and makes into slave territory at its mouth. Here is an evil; and the fact that slavery has been demonstrated not to be a *moral* evil, proves the Mississippi guilty of this great *physical* sin. The only plausible excuse it can offer is, that it sometimes cuts off slices of slave territory as well as of free soil, and in this way makes "a compromise"—a kind of summary balancing of one naughty deed by committing another. Such a compensating process as this, such a mingling of free and slave soil, nature never provided for, and, by consequence, this river is guilty of a great wrong. The men who live along its fertile banks have nothing to do with it.

And then again this river is proud. Pride puffeth up, and assumes a swelling, haughty air. It tramples under foot the lowly, and invades other's rights most presumptuously. A majority of western rivers have this very fault—a habit of enlarging themselves after the fashion of the country, and of

generating inland seas, whenever and wherever they choose, that almost rival the ocean itself, hoary with the age of sixty centuries, and the reputed father of them all. A friend informed me that during the great summer freshet, two years since, goods were landed in small boats twelve miles inland from the ordinary channel of the Mississippi. This was an extra occasion, it is true; but then it is a small matter in comparison with some of the ordinary transactions of herself and her sister streams in Arkansas and Louisiana. I had the good fortune to witness only some small exhibitions of this disagreeable river-feat, but yet quite sufficient to convince me that she takes pride in an occasional "swell," and, not unlike some other proud-spirited young ladies, has a most violent will of her own when she fairly determines to have her own way.

But to return to St. Louis. The city is mostly of brick. This gives it an older and more substantial appearance than most western towns present. Its levee is the busiest spot I have seen this side of Broadway. In fact, it would be nearly an impossibility to crowd a greater number of human beings, horses, mules, trucks, drays, carriages, and movables into a smaller space than we find them here. The levee is fringed on one side by steamboats and the river, and on the other by brick stores and warehouses that would do honor to any eastern city. Some three hundred of the former are said to be engaged in the St. Louis trade. This alone speaks well for the enterprise and energy of its inhabitants. But the older French residents and their immediate descendants are from being remarkable for either, unless it be for a want of both. Their erudition is *sui generis*. It is that of a large class in community, who suppose wealth necessarily brings intelligence, and who, in aping the literature of the thoroughly educated, sometimes fall into the most ludicrous errors.

A recent French ambassador, who was an *astronomer* of some repute, being present at a party given by one of the wealth-made, literary lady aristocrats, fairly astonished the company by his familiarity with the celestial regions, but none more than his fair hostess, who, perhaps, was saved from lunacy just at that instant by the following burst of astronomical enthusiasm, "How wonderful! So familiar with the heavens! He is one of the greatest gastronomers of the age!"

KEOKUK, IOWA.

At Keokuk I found some fifteen hundred Mormons preparing for their journey to Salt Lake—the modern Canaan of the "Latter-Day Saints." Their camp was a circle of covered wagons and tents, in the center of which was their oratorium. The college of elders occupied an open wagon in this central space, while a musician, with a large brass bugle, called together the people for service. Elder Wheelock was selected to deliver the address.

In the opening prayer thanksgivings were offered for the wonderful light that had shone upon them,

and especially that they were permitted to live in an age "when prophets were again upon the earth."

The address was a tissue of the most palpable and barefaced sophistries I ever heard. It was demonstrated, after a manner, from the writings of Moses and the apostles, that Salt Lake was the veritable land promised to Abraham and his seed.

He showed, undoubtedly to the entire satisfaction of every Mormon present, that neither Abraham nor his seed had ever found the real Canaan; and to prove it he quoted Acts vii, 5: "And he gave him [Abraham] none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on it; yet promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and his seed after him." In his exposition of the passage, he showed the Mormons were Abraham's seed, because it was added in the same promise, that "his seed should sojourn in a strange land." If, then, he could only prove that the Mormons were sojourning in a strange land, it would be demonstrated that they were the veritable seed of Abraham to whom the promise was made. And here the speaker triumphed. "Is it not so?" he exclaimed. "Your own consciousness bears witness to this truth. You are here from England, France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Norway, and from many other lands." This was undoubtedly true. But, then, like a skillful advocate, he said he had a vast amount of corroborating testimony. It was a prominently developed truth in the Scriptures, that in the "last days" there would be a great gathering of the people of God together. This gathering was now in process of formation at Salt Lake. And here he prophesied, that in 1854 ten thousand people would start from the very spot on which he stood for the new Canaan. We shall see. He further said, it was declared "Jacob shall return and shall be in rest," Jeremiah xxx, 10. This passage he applied by calling out the name of old father Jacob—Somebody—who was one of the company, "literally," as he said, "leaning upon the top of his staff." And, moreover, the very countries from which they should come were specified, as in the eighth verse of the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah: "Behold I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coast of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame," etc. Here again he was right. I think every specimen of humanity was represented before him. There was the piercing, keen-eyed "prophet" and the vacant, idiotic stare of the semi-lunatic; the ardor of youth, the strength of manhood, and the tottering step of age; whole families and parts of families; separated husbands, and wives, and children; the dupes of designing men and the devotees of an infatuated and false religious zeal. Elder Wheelock told the congregation he *knew* "God's murdered prophet, Joseph Smith, was a *true* prophet of the Lord, and brother Brigham is his successor."

I left the encampment with mingled emotions of surprise and sorrow—surprise at the gullibility of

humanity, and grieved that any of the race should become the dupes of such a silly scheme as Mormonism.

BOATMEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The morals of the boatmen and river navigators of every grade are said to be improving. But with this statement so confidently made, the traveler may well ask, what were they before the improvement began? You can hardly name a species of wickedness that is not rife among them. They have robbed the river of its good name—Rio del Espiritu Santo, or the River of the Holy Spirit. There is plenty of spirit here, it is true, and spirit-shops innumerable along its banks and those of its sister stream, the Illinois; but I saw few marks of the old Espiritu Santo. If, as is said, Christian missionaries first discovered and explored these waters and made them holy, they have lost, in a surprising degree, their morally healing and religious-sanative qualities. They need a reexploration; and that by men of strong Protestant nerve.

The Western Seamen's Friend Society—God bless the self-sacrificing men engaged in its labors!—is doing something. But a score of men is needed where the Society now has one, and a thousand dollars for the spread of religious books where it now has as many cents. These boatmen have been too long neglected. They are our inter-state missionaries as well as the guardians of our inland commerce. They go every-where, and infuse their spirit into the whole traveling public. They come in contact with the immigrant and the floating population of our western cities. Their influence for evil or for good is incalculable. The nation has an interest in them it has in no other class of its citizens. Instead of being the emissaries of Satan, and drawing their inspiration from the still or a lower region, they should become *de facto* Christian missionaries, and carry with them the inspiration of a living Protestantism. They should turn these rivers into streams of salvation, and mingle the waters of life with the tides of immigration rolling over these western lands. In calling the attention of the Churches to this and similar enterprises, the influence of Christian women should be more generally felt. It is emphatically a home missionary work; and God has made woman the first of home missionaries.

A PLEASING REFLECTION.

A FEW years before his death, the celebrated poet, Thomas Campbell, gave utterance to the following:

"When I think of the existence which will commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me but as nothing? I believe when I am gone justice will be done to me in this way, that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

BY A SON.

READER, have you ever lost a kind mother? If not, you are not prepared to sympathize with those thus bereaved. You have not drank from the cup full of sorrow and anguish, nor can you feel the bitter pangs that pervade the orphan's heart.

My mother! At that holy name there is a gush of feeling within my bosom no time can remove, and which for years of honor, glory, and fame I would not, could not crush. There is no recollection in all my storehouse of reminiscences so vivid as the remembrance of the kindness and sweetness of my gentle and affectionate mother. Love, sacred as heaven, holy prayers, and many tears characterized her devoted life; the memory of which remains daguerreotyped upon the tablet of my heart more lasting than the outlines of the Phidian friezes. From the moment I drew my earliest breath, her love, pure as the sweet, perennial fount, began to flow, and grew stronger and more holy as she watched, through years of toil, and care, and tears, and prayers, my advancement to maturity, and my entrance upon the arena of manhood. Young man, young lady, remember that a kind mother is the sweetest boon of heaven. Be kind,

"O, be kind to thy mother!"

Upon my heart are engraven, as with an "iron pen and lead," the holy words, the kind reproofs, and sacred lessons taught me in youthful days.

"When fairy tales were ended,
Good-night she softly said;
And kissed and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there;
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee."

My heart softens as my mind wanders back through the dark mazes of the buried past, and there involuntarily escapes my unconscious lips a sigh at the memory of the old home, happy innocence, and love. 'Twas in the bright month of September, on a calm summer eve, when all around was hushed in profound stillness, that God summoned her, with but a moment's warning, to embark upon the silent sea of death, where no sound of the boatman is ever heard, or tidings come back of the millions that have sailed out upon the long and dark voyage. The evening air was balmy, the moon sailed majestically over the golden-tipped clouds, and the stars twinkling shone beautifully bright. 'Twas then that once happy family—three in number—were called to witness the departure of her they so dearly loved. Fierce disease had seized her mortal frame, and no moment of relaxation from his relentless grasp was granted, till her lips were sealed in everlasting silence, and that gentle form had been robbed of the sweet spirit that rendered it so dear. O the anguish of

that sad home! Who shall portray the feelings, or who shall tell the bitter pangs and agony of the disconsolate, bereaved, and motherless heart? Hours replete with sadness and shaded with grief, which but a few moments before were joyous and happy. But how changed the scene! That form how cold, how still!

"Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the cry, 'Arise, my love!'
'I come,' her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like as her Lord she died."

The sweet tones of her silvery voice still ring upon my ears, and the smiles that played upon her countenance, radiant with love and maternal affection, shine upon the scroll of my memory clearer and brighter than the brightest sunbeams. But she died. God took her away. In a village graveyard, in the far-off western Illinois, she sleeps quietly, peacefully, and unmolested. Beautiful village cemetery! The smiling hill-side, whitened by a rich variety of glowing marble, the mossy tombs, and the hallowed memory of those sleeping beneath, render the spot sacred. Rest in peace, sweet, sainted mother! we have laid thee down to sleep, and we will come and weave festoons of flowers over thy grave in early spring. The evening zephyr shall wave gently and the morning rose bloom sweetly around thy last resting-place. Sleep on! Much as we deplore thy loss, we would not tear thee from the arms of thy Redeemer. Sleep on, object of filial affection! The bursting grief of those who hung so tenderly o'er the couch of thy decline, and wept so bitterly at thy death, will not disturb thy deep repose. Sleep sweetly, gentle mother! we will not wake thee, but will come and lie by thy side!

THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

DARE we speak of heaven—that undiscovered country which lies beyond the dark, turbid waters of the river Death? We love to think of heaven, and daily we are striving to lay up treasure there; then why, amid the thousand frivolities which claim the attention of the immortal spirits about us, may we not drop a word concerning that beautiful country around which our highest, holiest affections cluster?

Were our words, as well as our thoughts, to dwell upon the joys of heaven, who knows but some earth-bound spirit might loose the bonds which fetter its immortal powers to the fleeting vanities of earth, and seek enduring pleasure at God's right hand?

Revealed in the holy word we have seen the great Jehovah, and our hearts have almost died within us when we saw him in his awful purity and majesty; and again when in tones of love and

compassion he addressed us, when we saw his mercy and long-suffering, above all, when he gave his only Son to die for us, our fear and trembling were turned into joy and gladness.

We have looked upon the Man of Sorrows, have listened to his holy teachings, till our hearts burned within us; and then we have followed him to the garden, to the cross, and, with wildly throbbing hearts, have heard that last cry, "It is finished!" We remember he said, "I go to prepare a place for you;" and rejoice in the thought that there we shall see him as he is.

We have learned in that same word of the Holy Spirit, who "takes of the things of God and shows them to us;" and often has the "still, small voice" of the "heavenly Dove" breathed peace and joy into our aching hearts; and in the contemplation of the glory, and beauty, and excellence of Deity, we have been led to believe that the chief joy of heaven will be that there we shall see and dwell with the triune God.

Our dearest earthly pleasures—the communion of kindred spirits—the love which is stronger than death, we shall then enjoy eternally. The ties so rudely snapped asunder by the great destroyer shall there be reunited, to be broken nevermore. Those, too, whose spirits we love, whose words have thrilled our inmost soul, and roused us to an earnest life—all the good of earth—we shall know and love them all. We shall there see the man of God who led the chosen Israel to the land of promise, and his truth-loving, God-fearing successors; the sweet singer of Israel, whose songs even now inspire our hearts with true devotion; the prophets who bewailed the fallen Israel in tones of deepest woe, lighted here and there by prophetic glimpses of the promised Messiah. Dearer still is the thought of meeting the apostles of our Lord, those who labored and suffered with him, and at last sealed their testimony with their blood.

We admire, venerate, and love the great-souled Luther, who so mightily wielded the sword of truth against "the mystery of iniquity." He, too, will be of that company, with the hosts of martyrs whose deaths scattered the fires of Reformation throughout the world. So also will the second Luther, who led forth his marshaled host under the great banner of love—who tore away from the fair form of religion the dark robes of error and superstition in which she was enshrouded, and revealed her in all her heavenly beauty, with the light of holiness upon her brow, and the law of love upon her lips. Dear to the heart of every lover of holiness is the name of the sainted Wesley, and the thought of meeting him in heaven.

We have looked abroad upon the beautiful earth, on the gorgeous drapery of the summer cloud, on the solemn grandeur of the mighty forest, and the delicate penciling of the tiny flower which trembles beneath its shade; eye and ear have drank in a thousand forms of beauty and of melody, till we have felt, if heaven be more beautiful than earth, never,

indeed, "hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of its glories." Yet this fair earth is but the footstool of the Almighty. It is a glorious thought that we may become children of the King of heaven; heirs of that glorious inheritance; have a right to enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, and behold the King in his beauty—a right bought with a fearful price, even the blood of the Son of God. He only requires of us that we deny ourselves, take up our cross, and follow him.

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

ELLEN ARTAIN was the pride of the village. She had the handsomest features, the slenderest waist, and the smallest foot of any girl in the town. Her attire was always selected and arranged with the most exquisite taste; and in whatever circle her bright eyes were seen and her sweet voice was heard—for she was a charming vocalist—she was the cynosure of many loving eyes. But Ellen was proud—proud of her handsome face—proud of her tasteful dress—proud of her accomplishments—proud, above all other things, of her slender waist; and it was, indeed, slender—far too slender for the organs of life and motion beneath her corsets, whose healthful play is as necessary to secure elasticity to the beauty's step and brilliancy to her complexion as vigor to the athlete's chest and strength to his arm.

Ellen's girlish companions wondered she was able "to look so trim" always; they whispered that she would kill herself; but they knew that Ellen's waist was admired—"O how much!"—by all the young men, and, reckless of consequences, except that sickening one of false admiration, they drew their corset-strings tighter, and wondered if they might not one day become "beauties."

Ellen's mother was among those who have gone to the second sphere of human existence; but she had a maiden aunt in this sphere who counseled her faithfully.

"My dear," said this aunt one day, when she particularly observed Ellen's passion for corset-bondage, "you will ruin your health. You lace much too dangerously."

"Fie, aunt," said Ellen. "Why, this is nothing. I don't feel uncomfortable; I'm sure it don't hurt me."

"You can not take a full inspiration to save your life."

"Yes; but I can make up for that in short breaths: and who wouldn't rather take short breaths than be a great, ungainly, thick-waisted creature?"

"A thick waist, Ellen, with good health, is preferable to a taper waist with continued headache and various other ills to which women are heir. Besides, your waist is not handsome."

"Now, aunt, you are not in earnest."

"But I am, my dear."

"No, no. You do not understand, aunt. I know I am admired for my beautiful waist, and I could not live without admiration. I had rather be killed outright than pine away to the grave."

Ellen was dressed for a party when this conversation took place. She, as usual, excited the jealousy of her female friends by the admiration her grace of person and brilliant conversation elicited; and when she was walking in the garden with an intimate friend, the conversation turning upon the company, her companion remarked,

"If I knew what it is, Ellen, that makes you so great a favorite, I would suffer any thing to possess it."

"You are as handsome as I am, Mary; your eyes are as bright, your features as regular. You are a friend; I'll tell you the secret. Your waist is not as slender as mine; but you need only a little courage to make it equally as handsome."

"But I could never do it, Ellen."

"Yes, you can. Come home with me, and I'll show you how it is done. I did not lace two years ago; I was a plain girl, and as thick-waisted as you are. You know, Mary, I shall soon promise 'to love, honor, and obey' at the altar, and you and I can not be rivals."

Mary and Ellen spent the night in each other's company at Ellen's room, and Mary learned the cruel process by which Ellen was enabled to make her person an object of silly pride and foolish wonder. The instrument of torture was a hook in the window-frame, to which was attached a stout cord. This Ellen fastened securely to one end of her corset-string, and then, by throwing her weight upon the cord, she was able to lace herself into "killing dimensions."

"But," said Mary, "you do not lace yourself so every time you dress."

"O, no; I could not endure that. I never unloose my corsets from Sunday morning till Saturday night; and if I am going out any where, I often give them an extra tightening."

"O, it is cruel!" ejaculated Mary at the thought of being laced beyond her power of endurance for a whole week. "Why, Ellen, I have only thrown half my weight now on the cord, and I can hardly get my breath."

"It will take you but a few weeks to become accustomed to it; then you can bear your stays a little tighter, and after awhile you can bear any thing."

"Yes, Ellen, any thing in the way of foolish suffering; but what can I bear that my duties as a woman may require me to suffer? The sacrifice is too great."

"Nonsense, Mary; you can never be a belle. Keep your stays on to-night, and I'll warrant you can suffer them tightened to-morrow."

"Yes; but how much should I suffer before to-morrow? More than all the silly sayings of admirers could remunerate me for in five years. I

thought I could do any thing to be as you are; but my pride was excited then—my good sense is my friend now. Here go these lacers. Now I breathe freely: it is worth a thousand compliments, earned at the expense of all physical comfort."

"You have grown quite sentimental, Mary; I did not think you were so much of a moralist. I did not sleep for a few nights when I first put my 'patent' into use; but I soon got over that. I am as healthy as you are, Mary."

"No, Ellen, you are not. You are beginning to fade, and you are not yet twenty."

"Pooh, Mary; you try to frighten me."

"Indeed, I am serious. Tight lacing is destroying your constitution; your rest is broken; your eyes are not as bright as they used to be."

"I should be neglected if that were the case, Mary. Now, am I neglected?"

"In company you are animated, and these inroads upon your health are not observed; but now I plainly see them."

"It is your imagination, Mary. I am sure I sleep soundly; and I am never sick, unless it is with a slight headache."

"And that headache is the forerunner of greater evils."

After conversing in this style for half an hour, the girls fell asleep. Mary, whose lungs and other vital organs had full play, arose refreshed. When Ellen awoke, she said:

"I am as tired as when I went to bed."

"No wonder," answered Mary. "You were restless all night. You do not sleep soundly, Ellen; and it is because you are laced so tightly."

"No, Mary. I was not well last evening. I will not believe that my lacing will do me any serious injury."

The girls parted: Ellen as tightly laced as ever—as proud and as eager for whimsical admiration, at the expense of her health; and Mary convinced that she could not do as Ellen was doing for all the hollow compliments that silly men repeat to foolish women in the course of a century.

Six months elapsed. Ellen Artain had faded wonderfully. She had just risen from a couch on which she had been confined by severe fever for several weeks. Her corsets were not as tight as they had been; but still they were closer than any other girl of her acquaintance could have borne. She said she could not sit up without her tightly laced corsets.

She was to be married. He who was to be her husband knew her *failing*, and he hoped that his counsels might correct her opinions on the one evil. He had often told her that the admiration of her person, which she coveted, was based upon false premises; but so long as words and glances in the promiscuous assembly told her that her "sylv-like form" was the perfection of the prevailing taste, what cared she for the origin of that taste.

The wedding-night had arrived. With the Mary to whom the reader has been introduced, and two

other companions, Ellen was in her room, testing the fit and fashion of her bridal robes.

"Now, Ellen," said Mary, "you shall not lace to-night as you have been doing. Let me draw your corset-strings."

"If you will not consider that I am yielding to your notions I'll let you try," returned Ellen archly, putting herself in a position where Mary could execute her wish.

"My gracious, Mary!" exclaimed the infatuated girl, "you do not call this lacing? I should not feel that I was dressed. I could scarcely get my breath. I must have something to sustain me during the ceremony. After that I *may* reform; but this night I must be myself. Let me show you."

Stepping to the place of *execution*, she fastened the cord to her lacer as before described, and threw herself upon it. There was a heavy fall. Ellen Artain lay senseless upon the floor; the lacer had broken; the shock was too much for her frail form. When her companions raised her body from the floor, her face was livid, and red drops stood on her lips. Every possible effort was made to restore her with energy and promptness. In an hour she could speak, but could not lift her head from her couch.

The wedding-day was postponed. He who was to have been a bridegroom felt that, in fact, he must soon be a widower. But Ellen grew stronger, and finally was strong enough to stand without tightly drawn corsets at the bridal altar. However, she never regained her health. In less than two years after her marriage she died of "*consumption*."

This is a true tale. The circumstances were told the writer by the Mary who is one of its characters, and who is now, it must be confessed, a respectable old maid, with a thick waist, but who might have been a bride had she been willing to take the place Ellen Artain left vacant.

The pernicious practice which this sketch reprobates is not as common as it was five years ago, but still it has not been entirely abolished. In various forms and under different disguises it is yet destroying the health and strength of mothers and daughters; and those facts and arguments which forcibly illustrate its great evils should be reiterated till its complete abolition is accomplished.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD NATURE.

The following sentiment is from Dryden:

"Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge."

"THE NOBLE INDIAN."

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the noble savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale-face, wholly fails to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilized off the face of the earth. I think a mere gentleman—which I take to be the lowest form of civilization—better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage. It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fish-bone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage—cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tire-some, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic, earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilized audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilized audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale, and very poorly formed; and as men and women, possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian opera, and would have been worse, if such a thing were possible.

For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a moment and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached

a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down—at a very long shot—by Pope? Or does the animal that is the friend of man, always degenerate in his lowly society?

All the noble savage's wars with his fellow-savages—and he takes no pleasure in any thing else—are wars of extermination—which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife, he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavor, who screech, and whistle, and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law—also supported by a high-flavored party of male friends—screeches, whistles, and yells—being seated on the ground, he can't stamp—that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply, that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law—an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning—accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together—and nobody taking any notice of the young lady—whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder—the noble savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage gets sick, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A Witch Doctor is immediately sent for to Nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls: "I am the original physician to Nooker the Umtargartie. Yow yow yow! I perceive here a real Umtargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I, the original Imyanger and Nooker, Blizzerum Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offense, or against whom, without offense, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the Nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.—*Charles Dickens.*

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MRS. E. T. EBERLEIN.

My childhood's home! how oft sad memory lingers
Around that much-loved spot with fond delight!
And e'en old Time, with rude, effacing fingers,
Can never blot it from my mental sight!

'Twas a dear scene—the low, brick building stand-
ing,

Half hid in locust trees and rose vines sweet,
With the old oaks near by, tall and commanding,
As if their tops aspired the clouds to meet;

The woods so lone and still their leaflets waving
To the soft breeze, that sighed the boughs among;
The brook, with silvery waves the bright sands
laving,

As, murmuring praise to God, it flowed along.

Oft have we wandered through that pleasant wild-
wood

With restless feet, and eager culled the flowers.

O, lovely was that eden of my childhood,
With its dark woods, deep glens, and shady
bowers!

Majestic rose the hills in the dim distance—

At morning tinged with faint, soft, purple light;
How like that distant scene then seemed existence,

Radiant with sunshine, beautiful and bright!

Thrice have we followed, with hearts well nigh
breaking,

From out that saddened home, our much-loved
dead;

And now they sleep the sleep that knows no
waking,

In the old graveyard, in their narrow bed.

Long, long we missed them; and their vacant
places,

In our torn hearts, no after loves could fill;

And yet fond memory each dear form traces,

And oft, in fancy, we behold them still.

I never more shall wander in the bowers

Of that old home, or tread those halls again:

And some with whom I there have spent the
hours,

My longing eyes shall wait for, but in vain.

'Tis better thus: our hearts too closely twining

Around an earthly home, would oft forget

That brighter land, above life's storm-clouds shin-
ing;

Its sun, in clouds and darkness, ne'er can set.

God's glory shineth in that heavenly dwelling.

And the blest Lamb alone is its pure light;

There the loud song of praise is ever swelling

From myriads that now walk with him in white.

May we not dwell when life's short day is over,

Lord, in that home, and tread those streets of
gold?

May we not drink of life's e'er-flowing river,

And be forever sheltered in thy fold?

SCHOOL-GIRL'S PARTING SONG.

BY WM. BAXTER.

WE met to drink together,

From learning's gushing spring;

And though we part in sadness,

A parting song we'll sing.

We'll sing of joys we've tasted,

Since first we gathered here;

And quell our rising sorrow,

With words of hope and cheer.

Here friendship sweet has bound us,

In her endearing chain;

We've shared each other's pleasures,

And soothed each other's pain.

And though our lips are trembling,

With the sad word—farewell,

We still shall be united

By memory's magic spell.

But there is joy in sorrow;

How many home-hearts yearn;

How many tongues are waiting

To hail our glad return!

We soon shall see a sister's—

A brother's well-known face,

And feel again, with rapture,

A mother's warm embrace.

Then, farewell, though we sever,

We trust again to meet

In this dear place, now rendered

To every heart so sweet.

And if we here may never

Again embrace in love,

May we be reunited,

In the bright land above!

WHERE DWELL THE LOVED?

BY ANGELO CANOLI.

"Love looks not with the eyes,
But with the mind."

Where dwell the lov'd? to whom the soul's

Deep tide of ardent feeling rolls;

Who spent with us the brighter years,

And govern mem'ry's smiles and tears;

Whose names, like magic touches, start

The fountain gushes of the heart.

Where dwell the lov'd? It matters not

Where'er may be their local spot;

How strange the scenes to which they're gone,

In lands remote or worlds unknown.

What though thou knowest where they *were*,

Look not in hope to find them there;

For friends like midnight fancies seem;

They flit and fade—ah! life's a dream.

Where dwell the lov'd? 'tis sweet to tell—

THE HEART, THE HEART is where they dwell!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

BY REV. J. B. ANDERSON.

"He went not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approached the grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

For several years past, and, indeed, up to the session of 1850, no stranger could visit the Philadelphia conference without observing a portly looking, gentlemanly minister, somewhat advanced in life, with black hair sprinkled with gray, who usually sat three or four benches from the Bishop's chair, and to the right of it, near the middle aisle of the Church. He was often actively employed in the business of the conference, which was chiefly owing to his occupying the office of presiding elder, a position which he held for twelve years of his itinerant life. He had a prompt and decisive manner; an easy, bold, and open address; and his "Mr. President" was always the prelude to some plain, honest, sensible remarks, which never failed to arrest the attention of his brethren. He was, too, a positive man, not given much to conservatism, and this commended him to the confidence of all. When he represented his preachers, his language concerning them was a true index of the esteem in which they were held. If he spoke in high commendation or otherwise the reason was well known. He had never schooled himself in the art of disguising his feelings, and no one could, therefore, fail to perceive his preferences and dislikes.

This was the Rev. James Smith. His long service in the Methodist itinerancy, his connection with some of those changes in its arrangements which have been effected so silently and safely, and especially now that he is no more, the kind regards which gather around his memory entitle his name to a place in the historical records of our Church.

At one period of his life he was distinguished from two other ministers of the same name by several epithets. Some called him "black-haired Jemmy Smith," some "Delaware Jimmey," and others "proud Jimmey." These last did not rightly appreciate the man. His high-minded and honorable bearing they mistook for pride. Had they known him better, they would have seen him to be anxious always to honor merit, however humble its position. His coal-black hair, ere it was touched with gray, was the occasion of the first-named sobriquet, which in itself was complimentary; for added as this was to a countenance ruddy, and of remarkably regular features, it rendered him quite handsome. The other epithet referred to the place of his birth. He was a Delawarian.

The lower or south-eastern portion of Kent county is like most of the peninsula, quite level; and though of a moist soil, yet, being on the highest range of country between the Delaware and Chesapeake

Bays, it is not furnished with any large streams of water. This has led persons to call it a marsh; and, from its altitude, they have further designated it as the "Marsh high up." This name has been corrupted in pronunciation so as to be now embraced in the unmeaning word, "Marshy hope." The country here is variegated between the original forest and the cultivated field. The soil is moderately productive. The residences of its people are scattered from a quarter of a mile to a mile apart, and it is removed away from public travel, being several miles from any stage-route. Yet such as it is, it has become one of the classic spots of our Methodism. It furnished Bishop Asbury with a retreat, so far from the noise and confusion of war that he was not disturbed by its raging; near to it is the birthplace of the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper; and here also the Rev. J. Smith was born, and, we may add, born in the lap of Methodism. No other religious sentiment prevails here. The people were too far away from them to hear the calls of the village pastors; and the weary itinerant went and called them: they heard his voice, and thus Methodism came to be the religion of the place. The people knew no other, and when they learned of them they cared not to barter this away. They are still satisfied.

He was born on the 15th of May, 1788. His parents were attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church. His mother was an example of piety, and used her best endeavors to train him up for the Lord. As she had not many obstacles in the way, she labored in hope. The temptations and allurements of a city or village life did not surround her child. Sometimes he went to the neighboring school; at others he was employed in the healthful but laborious duties of the farm; and years of childhood passed away before he became familiar with any other scenes beside, save those of religion. These, with the lessons taught him by his mother, deeply affected him. In his sixteenth year he sought a pardoning God, and during one evening, while at prayer in the house of a neighbor, he found him. This was a time of joy for his soul. He never forgot it. When age was stealing on him, he would speak of it with an air of delight; and it is well remembered now how he once expressed himself while riding through his native country, and conversing on the subject, "O," said he, "I shouted then; I shouted with all my might."

The neighbor's name at whose house he experienced this gracious change was "Hardesty." He was a local preacher.

The young convert was faithful to God. He was zealous for his cause. He was studious. He was not, indeed, permitted to enter college; neither had he access to a very large library. A small frame school-house contained all that he could call his Alma Mater, and the chief book in his library was the first and last book of Christian theology—the Bible. This he read and studied till its truths

were incorporated into his mind, and fully exerted upon it their amazing stimulus; yet he was not seized with the idea that he was a great prophet. He remained quietly at home. He grew up where he was born. In his own country were the early honors of the ministry conferred upon him, and he called upon to discharge their duties. He gave satisfaction; and in his twenty-third year his neighbors recommended him to the Philadelphia conference, as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection. This was in the spring of 1811. Then it was that he left the paternal roof, no more to reside beneath it. His parents, brothers, and sisters bade him their "farewell," and looked forward to know what the conference would do with the son and brother whom they had surrendered unto it. Upon its adjournment he returned and brought them word that he "must go to Virginia." "I thought," remarked his sister of him, in conversation a few years since, "they sent him a great way off; but he got his horse and saddle-bags, and went." In those days such an undertaking had somewhat of the sublime about it. It was one of sacrifice always—sometimes of peril. But he had made his election; he had yielded to convictions of duty; and he was willing to forsake all for Christ.

He traveled for one year in Virginia, and for the six following in Maryland, preaching among the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. Then he came to Philadelphia, and, as was the custom of that time, was one pastor, along with others, who had charge of several Churches, united into one circuit. Among these were St. George's and Ebenezer. At this period of life he was remarkably handsome, and preached brief and eloquent sermons. He was popular also. He remained here for two years. The next eight were spent on the peninsula; making, in all, fifteen years which he passed in this interesting portion of Methodist operations. In 1828 he crossed the Delaware, and preached that year and the following in Bridgeton, N. J. Thus during nineteen years did he preach without rest or intermission, his health having been continued to him through all this time. But sickness now compelled him to relax his efforts. For three years he was a supernumerary. But as such, what Methodist preacher was ever happy? Home and friends can never make him so while the vineyard of the Lord invites him there to labor. In 1833, therefore, he became effective again, and spent two years at Burlington, N. J.; and two at Kensington, in Philadelphia.

He was at the close of his service at Kensington about fifty years of age. He had been for twenty-four years actively engaged in preaching the Gospel, and during that time had prepared himself fully for any station of responsibility in the Church into which Providence might call him. He was well acquainted with all the workings of our economy, and could well judge of any defects inherent in it or attached to it. And he was a Methodist,

perfectly satisfied with Methodism, and yet not insensible to the fact, that, as a great moral engine, her power is greater or less as she is or is not adapted to the circumstances of the times.

And he was now appointed presiding elder of the North Philadelphia district, whence, after four years of service, he was removed to take charge of the South Philadelphia one, where he discharged the duties of his office for a full term.

No one acquainted with the working of the economy of our Church can be ignorant of the responsibilities attached to the office of a presiding elder. He takes charge of all the preachers on his district; he calls together and presides over all its quarterly conferences; and he sits in counsel with the bishops, and advises all the changes in its arrangements which he judges expedient. The people, therefore, look to him that their wishes may be gratified, and censure him for any real or imaginary oppression they may be compelled to suffer; young men who wish to enter the ministry feel themselves, in a great measure, to be dependent upon his good opinion for admission, and afterward upon his advice for counsel; and those who are more veteran in this glorious but arduous work expect his influence to secure for them pleasant fields of labor, and give to him either gratitude or blame in proportion as their desires, and often their necessities, are met. It would be too much to say of Mr. Smith, that all his preachers were always satisfied when, at the close of a conference session, they heard their appointments announced; for sometimes silent tears would stand in their eyes, and their hearts, overwhelmed with sorrow, would find some consolation only in faith and hope. But the Methodist itinerant, generally moved by the impulses of natural affection and honorable feelings easily, is yet well taught in the school of submission; and, as he knows that all his brethren are likely to suffer, he consents to bear his necessary griefs, and strives to believe that the very best has been done for him that could be under the circumstances. And it can be said of this man of God truly, that, so far as consistent with the good of the Church, he aimed to satisfy all his preachers. The young men, too, found in him a kind and generous friend. His eyes were always open to discover those who gave promise of usefulness, and to impress them for ministerial service. He would take the diffident youth by the hand, and encourage him for the conflict. He would procure his license and recommendation, and be his friend in conference, and afterward gently admonish and instruct him. There are many strong, vigorous, and useful men within the bounds of the Philadelphia conference, whose voices speak forth fearlessly from Zion's walls, who once leaned upon his arm, and now feel that he died their creditor. They are his sons; he was their father. Long may they live to be useful, and to reflect honor upon his memory!

The laymen of the Church, also, he strove to render satisfied by having useful ministers appointed

to them; yet such were his views of the necessity of more frequent preaching in churches, where large congregations had been gathered, that his course in dividing circuits often met with their disapprobation. This, however, he was prepared to meet by kindness and conciliation, yet in the exercise of prudent firmness. He was well aware of the difficulties in the way of this work ere he entered upon it: three of the greatest of which were, the breaking up of the regular appointments of the local ministry, the effect it had upon the finances of the divided circuits, and the severing of social ties which had previously existed between persons whose residences were quite distant from each other. But he did not enter upon this task alone. The Rev. Solomon Higgins, his alternate upon the two districts above-named, the Rev. Matthew Sorin, and the consent of the Episcopacy were with him in it. In the northern part of the conference, therefore, circuit after circuit was divided, and stations were formed—some for married and others for single preachers—till, with a few exceptions, every congregation was brought to enjoy preaching from the traveling ministry on every Sabbath. The utility of these changes was demonstrated by the experience of a few years. The increased demand for ministerial service created by them opened the door of entrance into the itinerancy to many local preachers, and thus gave them opportunities for usefulness, which they could never otherwise have enjoyed, while the advantages of constant and regular preaching increased the liberality of the Churches. Besides these, the work of God extended itself rapidly under the new arrangement. Stations became strong, and circuits capable of fresh divisions; while still it was discovered, that amidst all changes the ties of religion remained as firm as ever, and not only did no estrangement of feeling take place among brethren, but the sentiment that "Methodism is a unit," further developed itself:

For "mountains rise and oceans roll
To sever us in vain."

In 1846 Mr. Smith went out of the presiding eldership, and was stationed again at Kensington, where he remained for two years.

It was during his stay at this station that he made a visit to the place of his birth, the scenes of his boyhood and early ministry. It was made, he said, for the purpose of recreation, and to see a sister whom he had not visited for several years. But it was a visit calculated to stir up a cheerful melancholy in his mind by recollections of the past. He was then in his sixtieth year. "I am," remarked he, "the oldest efficient minister in the Philadelphia conference. It is nearly thirty-seven years since I entered." How many changes had transpired during that time! Yet, amidst them all, Methodism, the child of providence, had become mighty. The field had enlarged, but many of the workmen had left it. All the early associates of this aged laborer had retired from active service. Solomon

Sharp, Laurence Lawrenson, Laurence M'Coombs, Jacob Moore, and a hundred others had departed. Even the long-lived Ezekiel Cooper had just gathered up his feet. A few were lingering, unable to work more, near the gates of the vineyard, waiting for their Master. He remained alone of all those who entered with him, and was now the eldest of his brethren, yet attended he upon the vineyard with his wonted vigilance and care. But this was not all that his retrospect suggested. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters had passed away, till one only sister remained; and she was widowed, and her daughter and four sons arrived almost at the noon of life. He wished to see her ere death should render him incapable of the sight, and was now on his journey. As the carriage moved cheerfully along the level road which led to her home, he gave way to his reflections, and while musing sang frequently a stanza, which is now but imperfectly remembered, though these are scattered fragments, to which two lines are added to make out the verse:

"Away down in that beautiful valley,
Where hope cheers the meek and the lowly,"
All "envy and folly" shall cease;
"Tis there the Lord will deliver,
And saints drink of that wonderful river,"
And love, peace, and joy forever increase.

It was evident, however, that his mind dwelt not on these beautiful words. There were many scenes through which he had come in life's journey, the remembrance of which enchained it. In early life he had loved and married; but his early love had died. Their children who cheered their pilgrimage while together, had sweetened also the cup of bitterness of which his soul tasted when he bade her a last "farewell." But of these, one had been nipped in the bud, and another in the blossom, till but one remained—his last and only child. How mournfully sad is the history of human life!

He spent a week with his sister, and preached on the Sabbath day in Wesley Chapel, the church of the neighborhood, to a congregation of his relatives and friends. After which he returned to his charge, where he remained till the ensuing conference.

And now he was called upon to endure the greatest trial of his whole life. We forbear to speak of all the sorrows poured into his cup at this time, some of which were sufficient to crush a person of refined sensibilities such as he possessed: of one, however, we may speak freely. The loss of his early companion had been supplied to him by a second marriage, and for several years he had enjoyed great domestic felicity. Mrs. Smith—now his relict—had rendered home happy, and her affections, along with those of her husband, had centered themselves upon his only daughter, who had passed her youthful days under the paternal roof; in receiving their kindnesses, and returning them by the happiness which she created in the little household, and had afterward married most happily for herself and her parents. But this

domestic bliss was now broken off by her premature death. The consumption had completed its work upon her, and the parents, her companion, and her two orphans were called to follow her to the grave. This was during the session of conference. It was a touching scene to behold the aged parent, who had outlived all his children, mourning for the last, and standing desolate, as some noble forest-tree, stripped of all its branches by death's rude storms. But he bowed before the last one. His manly, affectionate, and Christian heart, in the midst of overwhelming sorrow, said to the merciful Giver of all good, "Thy will be done." The year which was thus ushered in with so great an affliction, and afterward filled with so many temptations, was spent at Manayunk, but not vainly. He succeeded in laying there the foundation of what has since become quite a flourishing Church.

His next appointment was to the Wilmington district. It is said of him, that, at the time of receiving it, he intimated to the presiding bishop that it would be his last. He entered upon its duties with zeal and alacrity, and it appeared to his friends that he was determined to act the part of a truly spiritual Samson. He bowed himself with a firm hold on the pillars of sin's temple. He had faithful and laborious ministers sent to all the circuits and stations under his charge, and presided over them as one determined to inspire them with the utmost activity they were capable of exerting. He himself was active. Scarcely or never did the sun look into his chamber and find him sleeping; for

"Though as there were husbandry in war, he early rose,
And to the field went he."

He fought as a good soldier. He preached as a truly commissioned herald of salvation. And he was no mean preacher. Bold, plain, calm, and vigorous were his discourses. He dealt not in metaphysics, nor human philosophy, nor the beautiful but perishing flowers of rhetoric, but in *truth*, divinely omnipotent truth—truth for the head and the heart. He loved virtue, and hated—perfectly hated—sin. Against it he shot barbed arrows. "O, wretched man that I am!" on one occasion he exclaimed, and then hastened to describe the wickedness and wretchedness of the transgressor. He gave all characters of sinners their portion in language undisguised. He sought out the seducer, and held him up to the contempt of the virtuous and the bitter execrations of those who mourn over ruined innocence. He threatened them with the wrath of God. His words were bitter, burning words. He said, "Such a one should be hissed out of the world, buried in a dunghill, and have this sentence inscribed over him for an epitaph, 'Here lies Infamy, covered with filth.'" But was he successful in this his last field of labor? Yes; he reaped a harvest of souls. Hundreds of probationers were reported from weak country circuits. The success of the Gospel on his district was

greater than any where else in the conference. It seemed as though God specially favored the portion of the vineyard under his charge, and permitted him to remain in it just long enough to give him such a discharge as such a servant would have prayed for. In the month of December of the last year of his appointed service there, he was taken sick, and his indisposition continued to wear him away, till the next conference session, when he had barely strength enough to see and converse with some of his companions in labor. Ere the session ended he took his departure.

On the night before he died, he, like the patriarch Jacob, blessed his grandchildren, and then said, "Now I am ready. My wife, my son, my grandchildren, your husband and father is about to die and leave you. Be kind to each other." He added, "I dedicated myself to God when a boy of sixteen years, nor have I ever willfully withdrawn the trust confided to him. I have committed errors, as all mortals are liable to do; but I feel that the atonement of Christ has availed for them all, and I am now freely and fully justified through his blood. My faith is unshaken—my prospects are clear; meet me, all of you—meet me in heaven." He then prayed for those who had thus received his dying charge, and thrice exclaimed, "Halleluia!" He concluded thus, "That is all I have to say. I am now satisfied." His last words were, "I am perfectly rational." He died about the last of March, 1851.

"And devout men carried him to his burial." His companions in arms stood around the grave of the veteran, and saw him laid in his last resting-place; they then scattered from the conference to enter upon their wonted toils. He is now slumbering in the rear of Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia, in a plot of ground which he had selected several years previous to his death; while his brethren who bewailed him are still in the field, for he was the last one of them who have fallen.

Mr. Smith was once elected to a seat in the highest council of our Church, and sat in the General conference of 1840. He will be long remembered; for the good which he has done

"Is" not "interred with his bones."

And prudent men have ceased

"His follies to disclose,
And drag his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

"I AM rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die," he added, "I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground."

REPORT OF THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION
OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI.

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BY MISS RACHEL L. BODLEY, SECRETARY.
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THE Association which upon the present occasion calls home its children, and bids welcome its friends, is a youthful heroine in the mental strife. This is its first anniversary—one year old to-day. The need of such an Association has been felt in the institution for several years. Incorporated by Legislature with collegiate powers and privileges, it has been graduating annually large classes of ladies, who, in process of time, constitute a numerous host, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, without link or tie to unite them, other than those which school-day memories had woven during the sunny hours of girl-life. A majority of the ladies themselves felt that "remembrance" was not the most enduring seal which might be placed to guard the labors and studies of early years, and expressed a belief that good might be accomplished by the formation of a society of the graduates of the College, whose object should unite improvement with pleasure, and concerted action with the warm affection of kindred hearts. Accordingly, one year ago, in compliance with a call made by the cherished friend of our youth—the President of the Young Ladies' Lyceum*—forty-seven quondam school-girls assembled in this chapel, and formed themselves into a society, bearing as its title, "The Alumnæ Association of Wesleyan Female College."

Officers were elected, a constitution adopted, and writers chosen for the present anniversary occasion. Were ladies' girlish loves not a theme of never-failing ridicule by the wise world, the Secretary would deem that she were not fulfilling her duty, did she not weave some of the sunlight of that happy June morning into her annual report. The Minutes of the meeting speak of the "interchange of mutual greetings from friends who had long been separated—some who had not before visited the haunts of their school-days since the farewell word was spoken, which henceforth denied them the appellation of school-girls; of many who since then had exchanged the title of *maiden* for the more dignified and loving one of *wife*—all of whom mingled again as of old; and as they lingered, the *present* seemed to fade before the joy-laden *past*, and, while quaffing its cup of pleasing memories, they forgot whatever of trial, suffering, or care time might have imposed upon them, and were light-hearted, joyous girls again. The Alumnæ of the College now number one hundred and five. All of these whose homes are remote from the city have been invited to come up to the congregation of this morning. From many—*nearly all*—answers have been received, each bearing its message of kindness, though, in many cases, couched in words

of sadness, because of non-ability to be with us at the appointed time.

Without a single exception, the language of every such epistle has been, "Though unable to be with you in body, I shall be in spirit. Remember me at the appointed hour." Therefore, while this report would represent the majority of the members as present, it would not forget the "absent ones," whose thoughts cluster around us even now, and in spirit assist in swelling the gladsome strains of "opening hymn," bow the knee in silent prayer of gratitude, and with delight listen to tones so well remembered as those of early friends and half-forgotten scenes. Let not, then, even those who think most lightly of our project as a mean of literary good, deny its holy mission of joyous influence to the homes of the care-laden, the sorrowing, the invalid, inspiring within the breast, contentment with the present, gratitude for the past, hope for the future.

Our "name" deserves a word in passing. It will, doubtless, cost our classical friends an unavailing search in their boyhood dictionaries for the feminine of "alumnus." Surely had the originators of Latin words ever dreamed in their midnight slumbers of "long ago" of a female college, they would have inserted a corresponding word to designate its foster-children. But, alas! for woman the "dream-thought" came not; and when the qualifying word was needed, behold it was not there!

Should the daughters, therefore, be introduced to the world *nameless*? Shade of Ainsworth, forbid! Impressed with this necessity, a name was given—"Alumnæ." It is *timid of criticism*—it would fain shrink from *ridicule*; but if either *must* come, it is prepared heroically to meet it, strong in its sense of appropriateness and the right.

Our literary labors, though as yet wholly in the prospective, claim a formal presentation to our audience. The members of our society come not up to their annual gathering, as do their brethren of the male colleges, from the pulpit, the bar, the editorial sanctum, clad in the full armor of thought, equipped for any mental strife, however arduous, and any disquisition, however profound. We come from the homes of the land. We represent parlor, nursery, kitchen; we represent a world of influences as potent as pulpit, bar, or press ever wielded, or ever can hope to wield. We come from the school-field of mental toil, where we have been sowing an immortal harvest, which, we have full faith to believe, will yield a thousand-fold hereafter, when the unworthy laborers shall sleep low in the dust.

But we come not faltering nor weary; we come rich in the talents which our God has committed to our trust; we come strong in the resolve to labor diligently in our peculiar field for the advancement of our sex in the ways of truth and holiness, so long as life and strength shall last. The implements of our toil may be feminine in their character, our weapons in argument may display none of the glittering steel which predominates in mas-

* Mrs. Mary C. Wilber.

culine conflict, our words may be woman-like; but we will find in the fact a new cause for rejoicing, for then can it not be said that we reap where others have sown—that we unjustly wear laurels which should rest on manly brows.

Thus have we introduced ourselves to our audience of friends, among whom, as we look around, we recognize many a familiar face, whom we knew and cherished as the faithful preceptor, the patient examiner, or the charitable spectator of our school-days, when, as now, a pleasant smile, a kindly word of approbation, painted a rainbow upon the heart, whose brilliant hues may never fade. To their keeping we commit our pioneer labors of the past year. We claim their sympathy and watch-care, not only for to-day, nor for the next year—we claim it for all time to come. We claim it in behalf of other Alumnæ Associations which may hereafter join ours in sisterly union. We claim it for youthful sisters who may take our places when the wrinkled brow and the silvered head may warn us to retire from life's active duties, or the angel of death meet us in the twilight valley, and conduct us to another and a higher field of action.

"*Cultura—nostra salus*"—this our motto, this our inspirer, we pleasantly close the record of the present with the hope, that, as hereafter its seal may be annually broken, the same kind friends may cluster around us, the same *bright future* beckon us onward, as to-day.

June 30, 1853.

THE MILLER'S WIFE.

IN Eiderstedt there was a miller who had the misfortune to have his mill burned every Christmas eve. He had, however, a courageous servant, who undertook to keep watch in the mill on that portentous night. He kindled a blazing fire, and made himself a good kettleful of porridge, which he stirred about with a large ladle. He had an old saber lying by him. Erelong there came a whole regiment of cats into the mill, and he heard one say in a low tone to another, "Mousekin! go and sit by Hanskin!" and a beautiful milk-white cat came creeping softly to him, and would place herself by his side. At this, taking a ladleful of the scalding porridge, he dashed it in her face; then seizing the saber, he cut off one of her paws. The cats now all disappeared. On looking at the paw more attentively, he found, instead of a paw, that it was a woman's delicate hand, with a gold ring on one of the fingers, whereon was his master's cipher. Next morning the miller's wife lay in bed, and would not rise. "Give me thy hand, wife!" said the miller. At first she refused, but was obliged at length to hold out her mutilated limb. When the authorities got intelligence of this event, the woman was burned for a witch.—*Thorpe's Northern Mythology.*

LONG-LOST WORDS.

—
BY J. D. BELL.

LIKE shells that murmur on some distant strand,
Lie long-lost words along Oblivion's shore;
With these fond Memory sometimes fills her hands,
And drops the tribute at the soul's bright door.
When all the heart seems but a land of spring,
Where thoughts grow green and vision-fountains
flow,
Within us then these crystal voices sing,
And we live over beauteous "long ago."

As dreams the lightning in the drops of rain,
In words long spoken bright fires lie asleep;
But rouse them, and the witch-rays they contain
Shall with wild fleetness through the spirit leap.
Too precious were they to have gone to dust,
Those sounds that floated by on Beauty's wings;
Bright thoughts were in them that could never
rust,
Washed as they were in Love's own gushing
springs.

How the sweet guests return thou knowest well,
And with what spell-like melodies they come;
Down through the velvet shades where Muses dwell
Oft hath thy spirit ran to hail them home.
But hast thou never, from the Lethean strand,
Called the bright *prodigals* to hasten back?
They would have thronged around thee rainbow
spanned,
And shone like sunbeams all along thy track.

Listen, and on thine ear the silvery tread
O'er Memory's hearth-stones echoing soft shall
break;
Thy mother's voice and what thy sister said,
Must somewhere still survive for Beauty's sake.
O, from the cryptic shadows of the past,
Call back the ruby pilgrims to the light;
Bursting from their vision-sleeps at last,
They shall restore the thrills of old delight!

FORGIVENESS.

—
BY ALICE CART.

If I have ever done thee any wrong,
Or if I have, by my officious love,
Thrown harmful shadows in thy way, my friend,
Forgive; for I am human, and we all
At some time have had need to say, "forgive!"
O, nothing in this heaven-illuminated world
Bears the meek impress of the Son of God
So sweetly as forgiveness: this last plea
Of his insulted sorrow o'er death's night
Passed like a planet's transit through the dark,
And for a moment in the bosom of hell
Cooled the red burning like a cloud of dew.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

EFFECTS OF CONTENTMENT.—If men knew what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous man, how sound he sleeps, how quiet his rest, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his position, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart, they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throngs of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the house of the luxurious and the heart of the ambitious.—*Bishop Taylor.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it that part of the management which falls to your share, and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long score remained unpaid to the butcher.—*Swift's Letter to a Young Lady.*

LYING.—Never chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can *work out* a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.

PROSPERITY.—Prosperity has this property, it puffs up narrow souls, makes them imagine themselves high and mighty, and look down upon the world with contempt; but a truly noble and resolved spirit appears greatest in distress, and then becomes more bright and conspicuous.—*Plutarch's Lives.*

THE QUAKER AND THE LOQUACIOUS RECRUITING OFFICER.—Steele's story in the Tattler may be remembered, of the quarrel in the stage-coach between the boasting recruiting officer and the Quaker, which the latter wound up by saying, "Verily, friend, thy drum is a type of thee—it maketh noise, not because it is full, but because it is empty."

A PERFECT LUNATIC.—In a certain seaport town, in the state of Maine, not the farthest removed from the British line, resides, or did reside five years since, Deacon B—. The Deacon's son "Jim" had a hankering after the salt water, but could never persuade the "old folks" to sanction his making the long voyage. At length, after many months of fruitless pleading, "Jim" *did* succeed, and the old gentleman fitted him out. A few days after his departure, a neighbor met the Deacon, and the following conversation ensued: "Well, Deacon, so Jim's off at last?" "Yes, yes, I see it wa'n't no use; he was bent on going; so I thought he'd best go, and be done with it." "I guess you did about right, Deacon; Jimmy will come out straight yet, I reckon." "I reckon so, too; he's smart, Jim is, and has got a first-rate ship, and a first-rate skipper. You see, fact is, Captain Brown understands the hull thing, and he has promised to show Jim how to keep the reckoning, and how to take *lunars*, and I expect afore the first voyage is up, Jim will be a perfect *lunatic*!"

LOQUACITY AND FOLLY.—*To know when to speak and when to hold one's tongue*, is the highest mark of wisdom. Some men never know when to be silent, but are always blabbing out what is uppermost. Experience is lost on such persons; they never grow any wiser, but blab on to the end. "The fool's head never whitens." Of those great talkers the French say: "Many words, little wisdom;" "the worst wheel of the cart always makes the most creaking;" "the empty cask sounds louder than the full one." The Scotch have plenty of similar pithy sayings; for instance: "Lang tongue, little wit;" "muckle cry and little woo", as the man said when he was shearin' the soo;" "loud at the loan was ne'er a good milk cow;" that is, the cow that lows the loudest is not the best milker.

IFS AND ANDS.—"If Paris were but small enough, we might put it into a bottle." This proverb corresponds with the English one, "When the sky falls, we shall catch larks;" and the Scotch one,

"If ifs and ands were kettles and pans,
There would be no use for tinkers."

LECTURES AND READING.—The connection between public lectures and a taste for reading was strikingly illustrated at Manchester, England. A Mr. Dawson having lectured there on Cromwell, every book on the subject in the libraries of the town was out at the same time. A similar result was witnessed in Boston, in 1840, while Professor Silliman was delivering his course of Lowell Institute lectures on geology. There was a general stampede for works on this science, and it is said that at one time it was almost impossible to purchase a text-book on geology in any of the Boston bookstores.

LADIES AND POSTSCRIPTS.—George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when, after her signature, stood "P. S. Who is right now, you or I?"

LITERATURE BY MEASURE.—A steward wrote to a bookseller in London, for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms: "In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law, in folio."

OWNING BUT NOT READING BOOKS.—Lucian composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library—like him who, in the present day, after turning over the leaves of an old book, chiefly admires the date. Lucian compared him to a pilot who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who can not keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who, not having the use of his feet, wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes, but, alas! he can not stand in them. He ludicrously compares him to Thersites, wearing the armor of

Achilles, tottering at every step, leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, a hunchback raising the cuirass above his shoulders. "Why do you buy so many books?" he says; "you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments. Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats."

THE CANT OF CRITICISM, of whom Dr. Parr might be happy to say, that they have profundity without obscurity, perspicuity without prolixity, ornament without glare, terseness without barrenness, penetration without subtilty, comprehensiveness without digression, and a great number of other things without a great number of other things.—*Sydney Smith.*

INTELLECT IN TALL MEN.—Ofttimes such who are built four stories high, are observed to have very little in their cockloft.—*Fuller.*

LIFE.—The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

ELEGANCE is something more than ease; it is more than a freedom from awkwardness or restraint. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spirited yet delicate.—*Hazlitt.*

CUT A DIDO.—It is told in history that Dido, a queen of Tyre, about eight hundred and seventy years before Christ, fled from that place upon the murder of her husband, and with a colony settled upon the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into fine strings, and, tying them together, claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her way; but when any body played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido," and the phrase has come down to our day.

CURRAN'S RETORT UPON JUDGE ROBINSON.—As an example of powerful unpremeditated eloquence, may be given a short answer of Curran, the Irish orator, to a certain Judge Robinson—"the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets," and by his demerits and servility raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced—who, upon one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him, had the brutality to reproach Curran with his poverty, by telling him that he suspected "his law library was rather contracted."

"It is true, my lord," said Curran, with dignified respect, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it, by ser-

vility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible!"—*Brougham.*

NOT AWARE IT WAS POETRY.—"Some years ago," says the Vermont Journal, "a student at Dartmouth College, having assigned to him the task of writing a composition, and feeling under the divine influence of Apollo and the Nine at the time, produced what he considered an elegant and finished piece of blank verse.

"He handed it to the preceptor, a plain, matter-of-fact man, who knew nothing of the flights of fancy, while a smile of self-complacency illuminated his countenance.

"The professor, 'with spectacles on nose,' ran his eye rapidly over the page, then turning to the exulting student, said, in his peculiar low and dignified manner, 'I have more than once already told you that capital letters should be used only at the beginning of a sentence, when commencing the name of the Deity, and all proper names; but I find you have commenced every line with capitals.' 'True, sir, but this is poetry,' said the student, somewhat chopfallen. 'O, ho! this is poetry, is it? Indeed, I was not aware of that!'"

DR. JOHNSON AND MILTON.—A lady having expressed her wonder to the Doctor, that "Milton, who had written so sublime a poem as the *Paradise Lost*, should have been so inferior to himself in the composition of the *Sonnets*," he replied, "Is it a matter of surprise, madam, that the hand which was able to scoop a colossus, of the most perfect symmetry, from a rock, should fail in an attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry stone?"

THE POET AND THE BEGGAR.—Peyron, the celebrated French academician, was walking homeward from Notre Dame, when he was accosted by a blind man, who asked him for charity. He replied in the language of St. Peter, "Silver and gold have I none: but of what I have, I shall willingly give you part;" and immediately took out his tablets, and wrote upon them the following verses, which he pinned to the old man's coat:

"You that enjoy the light of day,
Relieve a wretched, blind man, pray.
Unseen by me, your alms let fall;
He sees them clear who sees us all;
And when his eyes remove all shade,
In sight of all, you'll be repaid."

SWIFT ON TAXATION IN IRELAND.—Lady Carteret, wife of the lord lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, falling down on his knees before her, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

ANECDOTE OF LAMARTINE.—It is said that as Lamartine was about entering the Hall of Conference one day, a person stepped up to him, with a menacing gesture, as if intending to attack him, and exclaimed, "Poet, thy lyre has sounded long enough!" Lamartine, without exhibiting the slightest emotion, calmly answered, "Wait a little longer, and you may perhaps hear the song of the swan!"

AN ODE TO SLEEP.—A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, *An Ode to Sleep*. The latter replied, "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

STORY OF WYNNE.—The following story is told of the eccentric Wynne. A short time previous to his publishing his *History of Ireland*, he expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who had just returned from being lord lieutenant of that country. For this purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The Duke was made acquainted with his wishes, and Dr. Percy went as the messenger of good tidings to the author.

But there was more to be done than a formal introduction. The poor writer intimated this to the good Doctor, who, in the most delicate terms, begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This, the Doctor urged, would be best, as there was not time to provide a new suit, and other things necessary for his *debut*, as the Duke had appointed Monday in the next week to give the historian audience.

Mr. Wynne approved of the plan in all respects, and in the mean time had prepared himself with a set speech, and a manuscript of the dedication. But

it must be understood that Dr. Percy was considerably in stature above Mr. Wynne, and his coat sufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him.

The morning came for the author's public entry at the Northumberland House; but, alas! one grand mistake had been made: in the hurry of business, no application had been made to the tailor for the necessary alteration of his clothes; however, great minds are not cast down by ordinary occurrences. Mr. Wynne dressed himself in Dr. Percy's friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm, of great antiquity; then, taking leave of his trembling wife, he set out for the great house.

True to the moment, he arrived—Dr. Percy attended—and the Duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on a hedge stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole.

On his introduction, Mr. Wynne began his formal address; and the noble Duke was so tickled at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that, in spite of his gravity, he burst the bonds of good manners; and at length, agitated by an endeavor to restrain risibility, he leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynne's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

MISTRESS OF ARTS.—The honorary degree of Mistress of Arts was recently conferred by the Trustees and Faculty of Franklin Female College, upon Mrs. Sarah J. Hale and Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney. So far as we recollect, this is the first instance in which honorary degrees of this kind have been conferred. Few ladies of the present age are more fairly entitled to literary distinction than Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Sigourney.

A LOCAL HABITATION GIVEN TO SHADY SIDE.—The Congregational society at Avon, Connecticut, have dismissed their pastor, Rev. Mr. Hubbell, because his wife wrote *Shady Side, or the Trials of a Clergyman's Life*. Mr. Hubbell has since received a call to preach in North Stonington, in the same state. We wonder whether those narrow-minded, niggardly old Pharisees, Esquire Eaton and Deacon Hyde—whose portraits are so capably drawn in *Shady Side*—do not both live at Avon?

FAMILY EXPOSITOR.—A work is in course of preparation, by Rev. W. C. Hoyt, A. M., which will contain a short expository sketch of a passage of Scripture for each day in the year—designed as a companion either for closet or family morning devotions. The sketches will be furnished by some three hundred of our ministers—mostly from the living. This fact of itself, aside from the intrinsic merits of the work, will secure for it, in advance, no small share of attention.

BROWNSON ON THE "GODLESS SCHOOLS."—"Our enemies rely upon godless schools—state education—

as a means of checking the progress of Catholicity. We must admit that they have laid their plans with infernal skill. The result will not equal their anticipations, however. The attention of the Catholic world has been directed to this subject by those whom God hath sent to rule over us—and a struggle, which will end in victory for the Church, has begun between Catholicity and the state to see who shall have the child."

The above is the sentence of condemnation pronounced by *Brownson's Review*, the leading Catholic periodical published in the United States, against state education, or our system of free schools.

PROFESSOR E. S. LIPPITT, A. M.—This gentleman is about to open a scientific and classical school of high grade in Cincinnati. Having received a thorough classical and scientific education at one of our first universities, and having also had ample and successful experience as principal of a preparatory school, and also as professor in the Wesleyan Female College, Professor Lippitt is able to give the highest assurance that the school he is about establishing will be one of no ordinary character.

NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.—This institution is to be located at Chicago, one of the great centers of business and of population in the west. It is contemplated to raise an endowment of \$200,000 upon scholarships. Rev. C. T. Hinman, D. D., the present efficient and popular President of the Albion Female Seminary, has been elected President of the University.

ENGLISH TRACTARIANS AND THE BIBLE.—The tractarian party in England have taken it in dudgeon, that the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon in behalf of the Bible Society—an institution much disliked by the tractarians. The sermon, however, did no great harm or good, for, says the report, "the most reverend prelate spoke in such a low tone of voice that it was almost impossible to catch a word of his discourse." At the conclusion of the service the Archbishop contributed a hundred pounds to the collection, which is considered by the offended party to be "injury added to insult."

POWELL'S PICTURE FOR THE ROTUNDA.—Powell's picture designed to fill the eighth and last vacancy of the series of paintings by American artists, for the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, will soon be completed at Paris. The subject is a historical one, and is designed to represent the discovery of the Mississippi river by De Soto, in 1542. The horse on which De Soto sits, was painted by Mr. Powell from the war-horse of Abd-el-Kader, now in the imperial stables at St. Cloud; and the costumes and warlike appointments of the Spaniards were copied from specimens in the Museum of Artillery, which were collected by Napoleon during his campaign in Spain. Artists are said to speak in high terms of Mr. Powell's work.

SPEECH-MAKERS VS. SILENT MEMBERS.—According to the Madison papers, seventeen hundred and eighty-two speeches, long and short, were made in the convention which formed the Constitution of the United States. James Madison made one hundred and sixty-four; George Mason, one hundred and thirty-six; Edmund Randolph, seventy-eight: making a total of three hundred and seventy-eight speeches from the three talking Virginia delegates. James McClung spoke three times and George Washington twice only. Mr. John Blair and George Wythe were two of the nine silent members. The two speeches of Washington were on taking the chair, and at the close of the convention.

AN ANCIENT SPOON.—A spoon, about the size of a small table-spoon, was lately dug up near New London, from a depth of fifteen feet, the original beach having been covered to that depth by successive washings from the surrounding hills. With the spoon were thrown up some pieces of charcoal and a quantity of clam shells; the latter crumbled away on exposure to the air. It is conjectured that they were left there by a crew of a ship of some of the "Northmen" who visited and described the shores of Long Island Sound eight hundred or a thousand years ago. By them the country was called "Vinland," and there are maps and descriptions of it in the Royal Library at Copenhagen at this time. The spoon has been sent to the Connecticut Antiquarian Society, and they have pronounced it of Danish manufacture, a composition of bell-metal and gold. A heart and an arrow-head that are on it are very perfect; there are also three other small figures that are scarcely distinguishable.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN ICELAND.—Besides the three newspapers published in remote and dreary Iceland, there is also an *annual*. In the volume for 1850, there are, as we learn from a correspondent of

the Boston Post, translations from Irving's Columbus, Franklin's story about "paying too dear for the whistle," extracts from the New York Herald, Kosuth's prayer upon leaving Hungary, passages from Byron, Dryden, Burns, Pope, and a compend of the events of 1848, including a history of the Hungarian struggle. The motto placed at the head of the chapter last named is Dryden's well-known couplet:

"The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven."

The motto upon the title-page is from Byron:

"Plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation."

It is evident from the tone and contents of the book, that the Icelanders take an intelligent interest in passing events, and are animated by a love of liberty.

PICTURES IN TURKISH BOOKS.—It is generally understood that Mussulmans have a religious aversion to making pictures of the human form, and it is well known that they have usually battered out the eyes and other features of statues and *bas-reliefs* that they did not destroy, as for instance of the four cherubims in the dome of Saint Sophia Mosque. There have lately, however, been printed in Constantinople, several books, not only with pictures of animals and men in them, but of the authors of the books. It is pleasant to see that the Turks are fast becoming as indifferent as the Persians in this matter.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESSES TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE.—More sickening fustian never nauseated sensible minds, than was exhibited in many of the congratulatory addresses, by the abject provinces of France, to Napoleon on the occasion of his marriage. Take the following from the municipal councilors of the commune of Venrey, as an example:

"SIR,—Upon the very Christian and very French throne which you have lifted up, and which will soon represent all the legitimities of heaven and earth, you have shared your empire with an angel of benevolence and amiability, all whose steps in ascending to power have been traits of grandeur and of virtue. In causing to reign with you French, Spain, and Ireland, you have, with a single word, and without bloodshed, won back to France all those friendly nations which still regret its eagles and its name. Then you are continually outdoing yourself by the magnificent progress of a capacity always on the increase, which, bursting from the center of a magnanimous heart, has planted the glory of the French upon the edifice of their felicity."

If our readers can comprehend this, they exceed us in penetration.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Among the means of public instruction in this city, its public libraries—though overshadowed by the magnificence of the array of institutions for public and private instruction—are of no inconsiderable importance. *The New York Society Library* was founded in 1754, almost one hundred years ago. Its present capital amounts to \$70,000; its annual income about \$5,000. The library numbers about 40,000 volumes. Its present location is on a corner of Broadway; but being somewhat aristocratic in its associations, it is soon to be transferred to University

Place near Union Square. . . . *The Mercantile Library* was instituted in 1820. Its location is Clinton Hall, corner of Nassau and Ann streets; but it will soon be transferred to a new edifice to be erected upon the present site of Astor Opera House. Its library consists of 87,000 volumes, and its reading-rooms are well supplied with the best periodicals of the day. This institution is designed for the people, and especially for young men. Its annual income is \$10,000. . . . In addition to these, there is the *Astor Library*—for the endowment of which the princely sum of \$400,000 was left by Mr. Astor. It is to be accessible free of expense to all. . . . The *Mechanics' Society Library*, numbering about 15,000 volumes. . . . The *Historical Society Library* has about 12,000 volumes, besides a large collection of pamphlets, maps, medals, busts, coins, etc. There may be some other libraries of less note; but these five contain an aggregate of about 240,000 volumes.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.—The territory governed by the Autocrat of Russia, in Europe, is about ten times that of France; his Asiatic possessions about sixteen times as great as his European; in the whole covering about one third of the area of the globe. The population of Russia proper is about 60,000,000. The established religion is that of the Greek Church. This Church embraces the four ancient patriarchates; namely, Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria. It is, therefore, or claims to be, co-extensive with the political limits of the Turkish Empire. The population of European Turkey may be rated as follows: Turks, 1,100,000; Slavonians, 7,200,000; Roumouns—in Moldavia and Wallachia—4,000,000; Albanians, 1,500,000; Greeks, 1,000,000; Armenians, 400,000; Jews, 70,000; Tahtars, 230,000. Total, 15,500,000. The Slavonians, who number about one half the population, are Greek Christians. In the beginning of the present century Russia determined upon protecting them in their religious rights; and then, for the first time in four centuries, they received some degree of relief from the intolerable exactions and cruelties of their Turkish master. This policy, on the part of Russia, stimulated, it may be, by a hankering after the rich Danubian provinces, or, possibly, the whole of Turkey in Europe, has brought on the present conflict between the two powers.

FATE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—In the present state of European affairs, one of the most interesting problems relates to the fate of the Turkish Empire. It has generally been supposed that the overthrow of the Empire was specially indicated in prophecy, and that the present age of the world was to witness its fulfillment. Dr. Cumming, in his *Apocalyptic Sketches*, maintains that the destruction of the Turkish Empire is at hand. As his book, and especially the larger work, by Mr. Elliott—*Hora Apocalyptica, or Commentary on the Apocalypse*—which is the basis of Dr. Cumming's lectures—both were published before the present threatening aspect of the times for Turkey, a lively interest will be felt in the result.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This institution was founded in 1804. It has now over 8,000 auxiliary societies. It has co-operated in translating the Bible into one hundred and forty-eight languages

and dialects, and in distributing 48,000,000 copies of the Bible among 600,000,000 of the population of the globe. Of the languages into which these copies had been rendered, more than twenty-five had existed hitherto without an alphabet, and merely in an oral form.

BAPTIST BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—The object of this association is very similar to that of our Book Concern—to provide a religious literature at a cheap rate for the denomination. Its sales, last year, amounted to \$25,669; increase of stock \$4,879; paid salaries \$4,464; net profits \$1,611. Advance of business receipts \$8,989, or eighteen per cent. It is proposed to raise \$10,000 to facilitate their operations.

LABORS OF BISHOP AMES.—We take the following paragraph from the Western Christian Advocate. It is worthy of permanent form. Bishop Ames has had a full induction into the duties of the episcopal office, judging from the summary of his labors during the first year of his episcopate:

"Bishop Ames left New York on the 6th of December, reached California in due time, and held the conference in that new state. He then proceeded to Oregon, held the conference there, and attended to other duties. He returned again to California, spent some time there, left on the 17th of April, and returned home on the 17th of May. We happened, as per accident, to cull up his services during the last year, which we sum up as follows:

Number of sermons and addresses.....	71
Number of letters written.....	181
Deacons ordained.....	90
Elders ordained.....	41
Number of miles traveled.....	18,395
Number of conferences attended.....	7
Number of preachers stationed.....	597

"This is a specimen of the labors of a Methodist bishop; and though the travels of some in miles do not amount to as many as those which Bishop Ames has passed over, the aggregate labors are about the same. Then take into survey the length of time our bishops are from home, and it will be seen that the Episcopacy is no sinecure in the Methodist Episcopal Church."

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE "INDEX."—An exchange paper says that Macaulay's history has been put in the Index, at Rome: the Index being a second tree of knowledge of good and evil, the leaves of which all Catholic children of Adam and Eve are forbidden to touch. But it doesn't matter. It could not possibly find better company. All that the world has known of wise, or witty, or useful is there. All the master discoveries and principles which flood the ages with light; all the impartial history; all the purest of dogmatic theology; all the profoundest of mental, political, and natural philosophy, are in the Index; and the sorest affront to ambitious authorship, would be exclusion from that volume, through approbation or extreme contempt. Should the dark ages return and once more run their round, and vanish, men would seek out the Roman Index in order to measure the volume of light extinguished in the gloom of barbarism and bigotry. That would be the great photometer of former civilization; an inventory of lost wits to save a future Ariosto a trip to the moon.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Two Volumes. 8vo. 361 and 436 pages. \$1 per volume.*—Dr. Olin made but little provision for a memoir of his life, and, indeed, expressed "his wonder that any one could make arrangements for the preparation of his own memoirs." These volumes, then, are gleanings, first, from his early and late friends; secondly, from such authentic accounts of his labors and life as were to be found in the public journals; and, thirdly, from his extensive correspondence. Indeed, the gleanings from his letters, ranging from 1820 forward, give us an almost continuous history, not only of his external labors, but of his thoughts and feelings, his aims and objects. Fortunate was it for his biographer that so rich a source of information was available. The reminiscences of his college life have been furnished by Hon. Myron Lawrence, Rev. Dr. Bates, and others. Drs. Wightman, L. M. Lee, and others have contributed to his memoirs much that relates to him while in the south. His subsequent history, while traveling in the East and while President of the Wesleyan University, is prominently, in its outlines at least, before the public. In these volumes the letters of Dr. Olin are very happily blended with the historical details, giving at once a pleasing variety and a continuous history. Dr. Olin was a man of imperial intellect, broad in the sympathies of his heart, and pure in all his aims. Few such men has the Church or the world in any age. His biography will furnish a rich intellectual repast to the scholar and the Christian. It is generally understood that the work has been edited and mainly prepared by Mrs. Olin. Too much credit can not be awarded to her for the ability as well as taste and delicacy with which her task has been executed.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. JAMES B. FINLEY; or, Pioneer Life in the West. *Edited by W. P. Strickland, D. D. Cincinnati: Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author.*—A finer daguerreotype view of pioneer life we have never read. In this work the personal history of brother Finley is interwoven with the history of early civilization, as well as the rise and spread of Methodism in the west, especially in Ohio. The thrilling adventures of the early settlers, their mode of life, the character and history of the most noted of them, and the experience, labors, and adventures of the early Methodist itinerants are here drawn by one who was a personal witness and a participator in the scenes described. No one will tire over this volume. To our readers, one and all, we say, *get it and read it.* To Christian parents we say, keep it in your family as a household book, and let your children read it that they may know how our fathers lived and labored. Brother Finley, after almost half a century of devoted and self-denying service in the Church of God, is still in the effective work—a man of large heart, of noble and true sympathies, and of vigorous intellect. He feels that his work is nearly done, and that he will

soon be summoned to join those who have gone before; but this memorial he leaves to the Church and the world. The following incident, somewhat ludicrous in itself, we give to show the genial spirit in which the book is written:

"Our quarterly meetings were occasions of great power, and multitudes of all denominations, sects, and conditions would come out to preaching. Once at a meeting of this description, when the house was crowded and the power of God was divinely manifested, I was called on by brother Young to exhort. Being much blessed, I suppose I raised my voice to its highest pitch and struck the book-board with my hand. At this a young lawyer—Charles Hammond—who had a considerable reputation for talents, became alarmed, and, urging his way through the crowd to the door, fled for his life. On my next round the sexton found in the pulpit a very neatly turned maul with a slip of paper wrapped around the handle, which was directed to me; and on the paper were the following verses:

'Thus saith the Lord, the preacher now
Must warn the people all,
And if you can not make them hear,
I'd have you use this maul.

Your hand, dear sir, is far too soft
To batter on the wood;
Just take this maul, it is but small,
And thunder on the board.

Lift up your voice and loudly call
On sinners all around,
And if you can not make them hear,
Take up this maul and pound.'

THE WORKS OF JAMES ARMINIUS, D. D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin—the first two volumes by James Nichols, the third by Rev. W. R. Bagnall, A. M., who has also prefixed a sketch of the life of the author. Here we have three large octavo volumes, with an aggregate of nearly nineteen hundred pages, got up in very superior style by our friends, Derby & Miller, the enterprising publishers at Auburn, N. Y. We were with Bishop Hedding when he received a note from the publishers requesting his opinion of the proposed enterprise; and well do we remember the gratification expressed by the good old Bishop that the works of Arminius were at length to be spread before the American public. The first volume contains Arminius's Orations; Declaration of Sentiments; Apology against Thirty-one Defamatory Articles; Nine Questions in Divinity discussed by Professors; Twenty-five Public Disputations. The second contains Seventy-nine Private Disputations; A Dissertation on the Seventh Chapter of Romans; A Letter to Hippolytus a Colibus; Discussion of Articles to be diligently examined and weighed; and a Letter on the Sin against the Holy Ghost. The third contains an Epistolary Discussion concerning Predestination, extending through nearly three hundred pages; An Examination of a Treatise concerning the Order and Mode of Predestination, and the

Amplitude of Divine Grace; and an Analysis of the Ninth Chapter of Romans. The publishers have done good service to those interested in the great theological questions of the age by the publication of these volumes. We are glad to learn that the edition is having a ready sale. At this, however, we can hardly wonder when we consider the importance of the work, the faithfulness with which it has been translated, the excellent style in which it has been published, and then that it is sold at the low price of six dollars per set.

AN ELEMENTARY AND PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC, in which have been attempted various Improvements in Arrangement and Nomenclature, as well as in the Means of securing thorough Discipline in the Principles and Applications of the Science. By James B. Dodd, A. M., Morrison Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Transylvania University. Fourteenth Edition. New York: Pratt, Woodford & Co.—We know of no elementary work that excels this in its scientific arrangement, in the clearness of its definitions and elucidations, as well as its general practical character. It is admirably adapted to its purposes, and has met a very cordial reception from the public.

HIGH SCHOOL ARITHMETIC, by the same author and publishers. This work contains, in addition to the ordinary elementary principles of arithmetic, the higher principles and applications of the science, including the most useful abbreviated methods of calculation, practical mensuration, and appendices on exchange, and mathematical probabilities with applications to life annuities and life insurance. This, we think, is the only arithmetic in which the theory of life insurance is drawn out and demonstrated. Professor Dodd, in the preparation of these works, has availed himself of a large and successful experience as an instructor; and if real worth can insure success, they will not fail of a large circulation.

FATHER BRIGHTHOPE; or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation. By Paul Creyton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1853. 18mo. 274 pages.—The "plot" of this story, if it can be said to have any plot, is simply this: An aged clergyman, whose uniform goodness and cheerfulness had gained for him the sobriquet of "Father Brighthope," is spending the summer months in the country with a relative. The parents in the family are good, well-meaning, but constitutionally nervous and irritable people; and their nerves have abundant occasion for disturbance from their undisciplined and roguish children. Such a family is often seen. The influence of Father Brighthope is most salutary upon the family and the neighborhood. The sunshine of his genial and pious spirit beams forth, and its influence is felt upon both parents and children. It is a most attractive book, abounding in passages of exquisite humor, clothed in language chaste and beautiful, and conveying a fine moral. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND; from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William & Mary in 1688. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1853.—The first volume of this valuable history of Dr. Lingard is before us. Most of the histories of England are the productions of Protestants, and things are represented as seen from the Protestant stand-

point. Dr. Lingard was a Roman Catholic, and, in some respects, views things through another medium. The work, however, is written in the true historic spirit, exhibits extensive research on the part of its author, as well as a keen insight into the philosophy of history. Dr. Lingard is worthy of a place by the side of Macaulay, Hume, and other English historians. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

A LETTER PURPORTING TO BE FROM HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, THE DEVIL: with an Answer Annexed, by Peter Cartwright. Cincinnati: Printed for the Author. 1853. 12mo. Pamphlet. 68 pages.—This curious production, in which Calvinism is put *hors du combat* in regular style, had its origin in the following circumstances: About the year 1805 Dr. Cartwright was active in spreading broadcast over Kentucky two anonymous pamphlets—one a satire on Calvinism, entitled, "A Useful Discovery; or, I never saw the like before;" the other a poem, entitled, "The Dagon of Calvinism." Some Presbyterian clergymen, supposing him to be the author, wrote him a complimentary letter in the name of the devil. To this he replied, publishing both letters in pamphlet form, and using them in the great theological controversy then being waged. After the lapse of almost half a century, they have been resurrected from their slumbers at the request of friends of the author.

A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS. By Philip Paxton. New York: Redfield. 12mo. 316 pages. \$1.—This volume is written in a graphic, sketchy style, and is full of stirring incident and adventure. How far the author has drawn upon his imagination for his facts we can not say; but the reader will not fail to be absorbed in his interest by the sketches of life and adventure in a new and wild country, and among an equally wild and heterogeneous people.

EARLY BUDS. By Lydia M. Reno. Boston & Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1853. 12mo. 309 pages.—This is a volume of fugitive poems. The fair authoress deprecates the harsh, unfeeling knife of the critic:

"O, lightly, gently, kindly deal;
Remembering still the truth,
My buds were culled amid bright dews,
In morn of early youth."

We think she would have produced richer flowers had she not nurtured so many "buds;" yet we have here, in this collection of "early buds," many that breathe the gentle and pure poetic spirit. This volume will be a genial companion to beguile a leisure hour; nor will its influence be otherwise than pure and elevating.

A MEMOIR OF REV. W. A. JOHNSON, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, in Regent's Town, Sierra Leone, Africa. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. 385 pages.—Dr. Tyng, in his Introductory Notice, says, that "rarely in the records of the Christian Church will there be found such a course as William Johnson's—so effective, though so short—so intelligent with so little preparation—so elevated, though having so little of this world's greatness." This is a deeply interesting volume; and we are glad to see such manifestations of the genuine missionary spirit, such apostolical labors, and such Scriptural results in the bosom of the Church of England. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co.

Periodicals.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The July number of this able quarterly reached us in something less than a month after it was properly due; but we read it with no less interest. The articles are as follows:

1. *The Bacon of the Nineteenth Century.* We have read this article with great patience; its author is keen, erudite, talented—would write upon a subject that had limits with precision and force; but to our obtuse and *unprogressive* mind, this discussion seems as bootless as would a disquisition upon the philosopher's stone. This article is only preliminary.

2. *Strong's Harmony of the Gospels.*—In this appreciative review, from the pen of Rev. G. R. Crooks, we have an interesting sketch of Harmonies of and efforts at Harmonizing the Gospels.

3. *Daniel Boone*, by Professor Wentworth, is a well-written and very readable article.

4. *Socrates*, by T. V. Moore, is a capital article—unquestionably the article of the number.

5. The fifth article is a well-digested *Exposition of 1 Corinthians, iii*, 1-17, by Rev. B. R. Hall, Troy, New York.

6. *The Heathen and the Medieval Civilization of Ireland*, by J. O. Dublin.

7. *The Signs of the Times*—an ably prepared and suggestive article.

8. *Father Reeves.*

9. *Miscellaneous*, two articles, discussing the meaning of *ἡμετέριαι*, in Heb. ii, 16; and the question, Was not John the Baptist—and not Elijah—with our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration?

10. *Short Reviews and Notices of Books*, forty-six in number.

11. *Religious and Literary Intelligence*, European and American.

This number, though not fully equal to some of its predecessors, yet possesses sterling value, and will sustain the high literary character of the work.

REPUBLICAN OF BLACKWOOD, for July, has been received from Leonard Scott & Co., publishers, New York. It contains Weiss's History of the French Protestants; Legends of the Madona, by Mrs. Jamieson; Lady Lee's Widowhood, Part vii; the Late Marquis of Londonderry; Paris Theatricals; the Fine Arts and the Public Taste in 1853; a Chapter on Life Assurance; Gold and Emigration in their Effects, Social and Political. \$3 per annum. R. Post is the agent for Cincinnati.

BICKLEY'S WEST AMERICAN REVIEW.—This spirited publication is a *review* in character, but a *monthly* in the period of its issue. Each number contains thirty-two double-column pages, in royal octavo form. Thus far its character has been well sustained; its articles are generally brief and pithy. \$2 a year.

BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The thirty-third annual report of this institution, with "the respects of the government," has been received. Its library numbers 13,626 volumes, of which more than 2,000 were added last year. In its reading-room are to be found thirty-three of the choice

American and English magazines; also twenty-five daily and ninety-six semi-weekly and weekly newspapers. Its income, for the year, was \$7,667.52, and its expenditures, \$5,959.36. Its *funded* property amounts to \$17,600. It sustains two courses of lectures, one on Monday the other on Wednesday evenings. Among the distinguished lecturers, we notice John A. Dix, E. P. Whipple, Josiah Quincy, jr., George Sumner, Rufus Choate, Henry W. Beecher, R. H. Dana, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips. The receipts for the lectures were \$5,516; expenses, \$3,931.40.

CATALOGUES.—1. *Eleventh Annual Catalogue of the Wesleyan Female College*, Cincinnati, 1852-53. President, Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., assisted by sixteen teachers. Collegiate department 153; preparatory do. 271; primary do. 60. Total for the session, 479. . .

2. *Herron's Seminary*—Principal, Joseph Herron, A. M., assisted by eleven teachers. Number of students, 270. . .

3. *Falley Seminary*, of the Black River conference, Fulton, N. Y.—Principal, Rev. John R. French, A. M., assisted by six teachers. Number of students: gentlemen, 206; ladies, 189. Total, 395. . .

4. *Baldwin Institute*, Berea, O.—Principal, Gershom Morse Barber, A. M., assisted by seven teachers. Number of students: in the course of study, 56; in the irregular course, 164. Total, 220. . .

5. *White Water College*, Centerville, Ia.—President, Rev. Cyrus Nutt, A. M., assisted by seven teachers. Number of students: in collegiate class, 58; in other departments, 150. Total, 208. . .

6. *Brookville College*, Ia.—President, Rev. T. A. Goodwin, A. M., assisted by four teachers. Number of students: male department, 91; female do., 83. Total, 174. . .

7. *Indiana Asbury University*, Greencastle, Ia.—Faculty, L. W. Berry, D. D., President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science, and Biblical Literature; W. C. Larabee, LL. D., Professor of Oriental Literature; John Wheeler, A. M., Professor Latin Language and Literature; Jos. Tingley, A. M., Professor Natural Science; C. G. Downey, A. M., Professor Mathematics; S. A. Lattimore, A. M., Professor Greek Language and Literature; M. J. Fletcher, A. B., Professor English Language and Literature; Louis Gundert, Teacher Modern Languages; and Albion Fellows and S. N. Fellows, Tutors. Number of students: seniors, 14; juniors, 15; sophomores, 21; freshmen, 29; preparatory department, 100; scientific department, 156; primary department, 84. Total, 369. . .

8. *Southern Illinois Conference Female Academy*, Belleville, Ill.—Miss M. J. Martine, Principal, assisted by three teachers. Number of students, 117. . .

9. *Greensboro Female College*, Greensboro, N. C.—Charles F. Deems, President, assisted by nine teachers. Resident graduates, 4; graduates, 12; undergraduates, 100. Total, 116. . .

10. *Rock River Conference Seminary*, Mount Morris, Ill.—Rev. Daniel J. Pinckney, A. M., Principal, assisted by five teachers. Students: gentlemen, 155; ladies, 82. Total, 237. We perceive by the Catalogue that the old board of instruction have resigned, and a new board is to be elected.

Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER certainly exhibits quite a variety in the style and subjects of the articles. The narrative, the incident, the sprightly tale, the grave discussion, and the beautiful poetic effusion, all help to make up the wreath, which we send forth to the homes and firesides of our large and increasing circle of friends. Some, perhaps, will say, "Why so many grave, didactic articles?" We reply, that though some of our articles are "grave and didactic," they are by no means dull, but are generally earnest discussions of important practical truths or principles. And though the light and frivolous will neither read nor appreciate them, others will read them with deep interest, and receive from them solid instruction. Another class will inquire, "Why so many pieces of a light, sketchy character?" Ours, you will recollect, friend, is a general magazine—not exclusively religious, but religious and literary—not designed exclusively for old and staid members of the Church, but also for their families and their neighbors. We wish to make it *attractive*, and then instructive. We wish the young, as well as the old, to feel that the Ladies' Repository is *their* friend and *their* companion. We love to see the bright eye of youth sparkle as its arrival is announced, and all the children running to take the first peep at the beautiful engravings, the wit that sparkles in the mirror, or the genial sunshine that lends a charm to the stories of Alice Cary. But still another class will say, "Why have any poetry at all in it?" Just so. Read the article, "Poetry and the Pedant," and try to find out. Upon this point, *the use of the poet and poetry*, there is a beautiful conception in a poem—"The Poet and the Woodman"—in our May number. As the poet lies stretched at his length among the flowers beneath the cooling shade, drinking in and giving voice to nature's melody:

"A woodman passing by,
With weary step and half-averted eye,
Behold the poet pillowed 'mong the flowers,
And said, 'You drowse away the pleasant hours,
While I delve in the woods. O useless thing!
What good from such soft indolence can spring?'
Then, with a sneer, he shouted to his steers,
And left the poet looking through his tears."

Time passes on; the woodman is often soothed as his daughter sings the hymn then composed by the poet:

"And so for years, in blight or blossoming,
That wondrous hymn the gentle girl would sing
Before the old man made his evening prayer."

The scene at length closes:

"A winter night: the woodman's eyes were dim,
And kneeling there the daughter sang the hymn;
He thought the angels sung, and breathed no more:
That song the poet made long years before!"

We have been obliged, in consequence of the amount of matter on hand, to divide one or two articles which we should have been glad to have presented entire. Several have also been omitted, and among them one of our own upon Alexander

Smith, "the new poet." In another number we hope to find place for all the waiting articles.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The view among the "Thousand Islands," by Mr. Wellstood, will be welcomed, not only for its beauty as a picture, but for its local associations. These islands are situated in St. Lawrence river, a little below Lake Ontario. Within the distance of twenty-seven miles, there are said to be nearly fifteen hundred islands. The passage between some of them is narrow and exceedingly difficult; and great difficulty was experienced in fixing the boundary between the United States and Canada through them; and even after it was fixed, great difficulty was often experienced in determining its exact position. These islands, therefore, formed a fit resort for smugglers and robbers of various kinds. The celebrated Bill Johnston, with his no less celebrated daughter, is reputed to have made, for many years, his retreats among the inextricable mazes of these islands. The increase of population along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and the increase of commerce upon its waters, have wrought many changes in the scene. Solitary grandeur no longer broods over these islands. The hardy cultivator of the soil, the hunter, the fisherman, and those who navigate the river upon rafts or boats, have penetrated all their fastnesses.

"The Solitary Walk"—who has not, at times, delighted to take it—to go out and commune with ourselves, with nature, and with God—to saunter along the banks of some meandering stream, whose every ripple was holy melody to the soul—to behold and to cull the flowers, those agents by which the angels are said to have written mysterious truths upon the hills and along the valleys! The solitary walker, in our engraving, seems unconscious of the proximity of any human being; but her trusty companion and guard, old "bowser," has his eye upon the rough footmen in the highway, and it will not be safe for them to approach much nearer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We sometimes place articles on our "reserve list," and in such cases much time will often elapse before their authors hear from them. We can, therefore, only counsel the authors to possess their souls in patience; for there is no knowing how long they may have to wait. We are obliged to decline the publication of several articles this month, not as being absolutely devoid of merit, but because they do not come exactly up to our standard, or are not in keeping with our objects. Among these is a poem upon "Prayer," which we almost regret to reject, for its fair author has talents, and we would not discourage their cultivation and use. The author of "Musings in a Church-Yard," we think, with a little more effort, can write a better article. "The Cordial Welcome" is from an old and valued friend of ours, and we read it with interest; but for the readers of the Repository it would not have the same general interest. A loving poem on "Matrimony" we shall not need to the Repository, notwithstanding the authority given to us. "The Lonely Stepmother"

has "a preface as long as the book." The poetry is not bad, yet there are some thoughts in it to which we would not like to give currency. The situation of the stepmother is always critical and delicate, requiring great wisdom and prudence. Yet we know of no picture so dark but a bright side can be discovered. The bright side of this subject is so capitably drawn by a lady correspondent of the *Knickerbocker*, from Ohio, that we can not refrain from giving it:

"It was in your February number, wasn't it, that 'second marriages' were 'read out?' Now, ever since my first remembrance, I have looked upon you as unquestionable authority. Only think of me, then, a young, and, as I had supposed till now, a very happy wife, reading from your ever-respected pages a denouncement of all my theory of bliss; a perfect crushing of the crystals through which—poor, simple heart!—I believed I saw life's richest colors. I have been studying upon the matter, trying to get resigned to my unfortunate destiny, hoping that, may be, no one else thought as did your contributor. But now even *that* hope is destroyed, for another, in your May number, returns a vote of thanks. Now, it isn't in my heart to dispute their view of the matter; but then they, of course, are not reasoning from experience, no more than did our little Frank, who, with a faint vision of his angel-mother playing about his childish memory, wondered, upon the advent of his new mamma, what we were to do when we all got up in heaven; 'for,' added the little thinker, 'I shall want to be with you some, and with my other ma.' The matter was at last settled in his own mind by deciding that we would 'all sit up close together.' Tears stood in my eyes as I listened to the little prattler, but they were not tears of regret; and the halo seemed to brighten around my heart at the thought of training that beautiful boy for the angel-sphere as yet so faintly comprehended, not by *him* alone. I am no logician; but I know that God has given me a heart that gives and claims an ocean of love; I know that in our dear cottage-home the memory of the parted one is cherished with beautiful devotion, and comes to us like some guardian-angel; a link between our earthly Eden and the heaven we hope to win."

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.—Justice rides in a slow coach, but generally manages to arrive in time to connect with the last train. . . . A few years of hearty speech and action in our stormy world will do more to unlock a preacher's tongue, and take the rheumatism out of his joints and style, than ten years at the divinity school, excellent as that institution is in its place. . . . Crime is always self-destructive; for thus has God, in his providence, ordered all things. Crime is unnatural, and nature, being violated, every-where cries out against the transgressor. The stones in the streets detect him, and the walls reveal his secrets.—*Pruden's Plea in the Kinsane Trial*. . . . A mother's grave is the Mecca that our memory ever kneels to, be our pilgrimage where it may. . . . The predominant feature of a ninny-hammer is the enormous development of his self-esteem.—*Minor Morals*. . . . It is the destiny as well as the prerogative of genius to work alone, and struggle upward without invoking assistance.—*Minor Morals*. . . . No moderately honest man can say, "Others shall become poor that I may remain rich;"

and whoever says this, to himself or aloud, is not one whit better than a thief. . . . Circumstances were favorable to you, only as they are to the pine, which possesses within itself the strength to entwine its roots among the rocks, and to spring into the air from the mountain peak. . . . Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.—*Bible*. . . . A man that beareth false witness against his neighbor is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.—*Bible*. . . . When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come—when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements by which those minds have advanced arts and sciences—I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things, can not possibly be mortal.—*Xenophon*. . . . When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by Time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet, Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses—clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"—*Carlyle*. . . . He who merely crams himself with the conceptions of other men's minds, clothed in forms foreign to his own nature, will never accomplish much. Quiet and independent energetic industry can alone attain to what is true, and bring forth what is really useful.—*Niebuhr's Letters*. . . . When you speak of another, consider and be silent.—*French Proverb*. . . . With an *only* child, there are usually three fools in the house.—*Id.* . . . The French proverb says: "Who goes to law needs three bags—a bag of money, a bag of papers, and a bag of patience." The Scotch is quaint, "Law's costly—tak a pint and 'gree;" and again, "Better kiss a knave than cast oot wi' him." . . . The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases, and his inward strength is exhausted in fruitless efforts.—*Niebuhr's Letters*. . . . While I am ready to adopt any well-grounded opinion, my inmost heart revolts against receiving the judgments of others respecting persons, and whenever I have done so, I have bitterly repented of it.—*Id.* . . . The mass of men follow, or think they follow, the well-forged chains of reasoning which logicians deal in; and they delight to find themselves ferried over a stream they could never have forded, and safely landed upon some irrefragible conclusion. The very populace like to be reasoned with, and to be forcibly driven in upon a definite doctrine; but no graces of illustration, no powers of oratory, ever avail to induce the crowd to think, or to tread to the bottom of a subject.—*Isaac Taylor's Wesley and Methodism*. . . . I would warn every one, whose child shows a bad disposition, to hold him in while he is young, for there is not much fear of breaking his spirit. His innate impudence will protect him from this; and I feel, by myself, that our faults can not be torn up with too much violence in childhood, before they have taken too deep a root.



